

KASHMIRI LYRICS

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED

By J. L. KAUL

FOREWORD

By Dr. Amaranatha Jha, M. A., D. Lit.

PUBLISHED BY
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LAMBERT LANE, SRINAGAR, KASHMIR.

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To
Lal Dēd,
Haba Khotūn,
Arnimāl, and
numerous other Kashmiri
poets, singers, and lovers of song.

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PREFACE

In 1930-31 I went again to the University of Allahabad for a sort of a voluntary refresher course. Professor S. G. Dunn (now retired) was still the Head of the English Department and Professors Anaranatha Jha and S. C. Deb were there too. I selected a subject for my thesis in Ph. D. viz., *Bourgeois Element in British Drama*; and with the help and guidance I received from these eminent teachers I could, from the outset, proceed on the right track, without any loss of time inevitable, otherwise, in a large library on a subject of English Literature. Soon, however, I came to realize that there was not sufficient material to work at the thesis; and the libraries of the Universities of Lucknow and Benares and the Imperial Library of Calcutta could afford little help. After the spurt of hard work I had put in with the gusto of young ambition I felt disappointed.

It was at this moment that Professors Dunn and Jha suggested to me that, even in preference to a Ph. D. thesis, I might do a bit of useful work on a subject connected with my own native province and discover something of value. Sometime after Professor Devendra Satyarthi came to Kashmir on his folk-lore hunt and said to me, "Why don't

you take up this work here?" This casual remark confirmed me in the choice of the subject.

I am grateful to Dr. Amaranatha Jha, D. Lit., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Allahabad, for writing the foreword; and I am happy that I have received this recognition from the Vice-Chancellor of my *Alma Mater* for having, in a very humble measure, tried to give back something for what I received from her years ago.

Thanks and acknowledgements are also due to the following: To Dr. Siddeshwar Varma, D. Lit., our eminent linguist and phonetician, who approved the diacritical marks used in the Roman transliteration of the original Kashmiri; to Mr. N. L. Kitroo, Mr P. N. Pushp, Mr S. L. Dar, Mr G. Mohy-id-Din, who made valuable suggestions; to Pandit Sat Lal Kaul, who introduced me to several of these poems; to Mr G. A. Mahjur, Mr A. A. Azad, Mirza G. H. Beg, Mr N. L. Ambardar, Pandit Daya Ram Gonju, Pandit Zinda Kaul, and Messrs Ali Mohd. and Sons, Publishers and Booksellers, for permission to print their poems.

J. L. K.

FOREWORD

More than thirty years ago my teacher and my predecessor in the professorial chair at the Allahabad University, Professor Dunn, wrote a paper which made a deep impression on me. He described a tour in the Sind Valley and referred to the bearded coolies, tall muscular men, with dark eyes and close-set eyebrows, prominent cheek bones and broad foreheads, divided from the rest of the world by a circle of snow mountains, preserving, untouched by modernity, the traditions and the sympathies of their Dard ancestors. He wrote:

"On this occasion, the labours we had shared together, or to put the case more materially, the distribution of some tea and cigarettes, opened their hearts, and soon we had them singing the old songs of their secluded valley, the songs of the long winter when no work can be done, and the songs of the march which make the load seem lighter. There is a peculiar fascination in all such singing; we seem to come nearer, as we listen, to the simple things of earth; the artificial needs and desires, which modern life presses upon us, lose their hold upon our minds, and the rugged voices underneath the stars awaken in us echoes of our primitive home, and touch us with the sense of fellowship throughout the ages.....I kept them singing far into the cold night, till the fire had died down and the wind from the glaciers sent us to the shelter of tent

and bed. I wish I could reproduce the strange cadence of their voices, as one after another took up the refrain; I wish I could recreate the mood in which one listened; but since these things are impossible, I will try to give, imperfectly as it must be, the substance and the spirit of some of their songs".

He then went on to render into English four songs, entitled "The Song of the Coolies", "The Song of the Bulbul", "The Dreamer", and "The Lover". Each of them has a distinctive flavour and each tells not merely of familiar matter of today, but of eternal verities glimpsed through rugged experience of life. Each enshrines the heart's longing both for things of this earthly abode and of the life hereafter. This is "The Song of the Coolies":

O you cooli folk! it is time to be stirring.

The wind of the dawn blows cold, and the stars are yet in the sky. But the journey before us is long, and the loads are heavy.

O you cooli folk! it is time to be stirring.

Come, let us sing as we go, for the birds are singing too. They also have their time for travel. When we have made our stage we will light a fire of sticks, and then we shall have joy of our food. Our journeying will be over for the day. Oh! that will be pleasant! But, men and birds—we must all be moving.

O you cooli folk! it is time to be stirring.

For our life on this earth is just coming and going. We cannot stay anywhere for long. Even Rajahs are just like us, coming and going. We have a long march to make, and now we must be off. It is no good staying at home. A man's home is his heart, but he who goeth out of his own heart, may, perchance, find God upon his journey. O you cooli folk! it is time to be stirring.



These songs, even in translation, made a great impression. Anonymous singers singing poems composed by anonymous poets, melody soaring to the eternal moonlit snow and flooding the wooded valley; and one wished to have a larger collection of these old and antique strains which knit mankind into one.

Some years later, Grierson and Barnett published an edition of "Lallavakyani, the Wise Sayings of Lal Ded, a mystic poetess of ancient Kashmir". This was followed, four years later, in 1924, by "The Word of Lalla the Prophetess," done into English verse by Sir Richard Temple. This is a valuable publication, containing, as it does, an elaborate discussion of the theory and doctrine of Lalla's religion. These sayings are popular, but they have in them the wisdom and the philosophy enshrined in the popular poems of Kabir and Chandidas and Tukaram. Here is a poem which expresses the view that duty should be done because it is duty

and not for the sake of the fruits thereof :

" Whatsoever thing I do of toil,
Burdens of completion on me lie ;
Yet into another falls the spoil
And gains he the fruit thereof, not I.
Yet if I toil with no thought of self,
All my words before the Self I lay :
Setting faith and duty before self,
Well for me shall be the onward way."

These publications further promised a rich store of poetry and gnostic literature. When, therefore, a senior scholar from Kashmir came to Allahabad for advanced work and was not able, for want of material, to proceed with research on the subject he had chosen, it seemed an admirable opportunity to suggest to him that his genuine devotion to literature and his understanding and appreciation of its finer graces should be diverted to a field which had not been explored and which only a native of Kashmir could satisfactorily investigate. Principal Jai Lal Kaul agreed to do this, and he has, in spite of hard academic and administrative duties, produced this valuable collection of Kashmiri lyrics. One surprising feature of these songs is their lyric quality which is revealed even in the texture of prose translations. Most of them deal with human emotions and, as is natural in a lyric, are intensely subjective. A poem depends for its appeal so much on the flavour

and association of words and the mood that they evoke that it is bound to suffer when rendered into another language. Despite this, Mr Kaul's translation does succeed in reproducing the spirit, the soul of the original. Dryden said: " All translation may be reduced to these three heads—*metaphrase*, or turning an author word by word and line by line, from one language into another...*paraphrase*, or translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the translator so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly followed as his sense; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered*imitation*, where the translator assumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion; and taking only some general hints from the original, to run division on the ground work, as he pleases." Mr Kaul's rendering belongs to Dryden's second category.

★ ★ ★

In his very interesting Introduction, Mr Kaul divides the history of the Kashmir lyric into four periods: the first in which flourished Lal Ded and Sheikh Nur-ud-din; the second, covering the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in which Haba Khatun and Arnimal are the prominent names; the

third with which are associated Mahmud Gami and Parmanand and Prakāsh Ram; and the fourth, the contemporary period, dominated by Mahjur and Zinda Kaul. I have no knowledge of Kashmiri, but I have found in most of the lyrics printed here a large number of Sanskrit words, either in their pure form or as modified by popular usage. Thus we have such words as

apavitra, snān, akriya, chor, sādhu, rājhaṇsa, āshā, maitrī, shatru, nāsha, kāma, krodha, lobha, chandramā, tārā, amrita, vanavās, yuvā, mās, sahasrayuga, tyāg, rāg, yogābhyās, dhyān, upavās, sankalpa, harshā, mahāmātra, vaikunthā, māyātita, nirmal, nād, vād, dyaus, prabhāt, kālagrās, pushpa, muktā, rāsamandali, tan, man, phal, sheesh, keshā, mālā, yauvan, darshan, kokil, sundari.

These are used by Hindu as well as Muslim poets. Similarly there is a large number of Persian words. The various languages that have influenced Kashmiri culture are well represented in these songs. That is inevitable when persons sing spontaneously; the words that are familiar to them in daily life occur naturally to them and these are used rather than "ink-horn terms."

For over five centuries the lyric has flourished in Kashmir, touching life at many points, describing trivial happenings of every day, depicting scenes from nature, delineating

human feelings, the life of toil, of suffering, of hunger, of passion, never forgetting quite and ever retaining in the background the spiritual heritage of the land. The green-wood tree, winter and rough weather, the sweet breath of spring, the ravages of time, Death's purple altar, the many voices of nature, the shadow of the night,

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale or piny
mountain
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring
Or chasms or watery depths"—

all these and strains of music from elfland—we find in these lyrics; and we thank Mr Kaul for a repast which can now be enjoyed by those who do not know the language of Kashmir.

Amaranatha Jha

September, 1945.

diacritics
mis-

INTRODUCTION

I

I call these short poems lyrics because they are lyrics, literally. They are sung to the accompaniment of

"sitar, sarangi, and drum."

and "sāz," "santūr" and "tumbakhnār"—musical instruments which we in Kashmir have made peculiarly our own. It is as songs sung by musicians and lovers of music that most of them, of unknown authorship, have been recorded, interspersed among Persian songs and *gazals*, in the old manuscripts of "*mausiqis*" or books of music, with appropriate directions of "rāg" and "tāl" and "muqām."

II

In oral transmission these songs have assumed different versions from locality to locality and texts have become corrupt. Manuscripts have fared no better. What happens is something as follows: A is a lover of song and music and hires the services of a calligraphist to make a copy for him in Persian script which, without additional diacritical marks, is very incomplete and misleading for a language abounding in vowel

sounds. Sometime after, *B* wants a copy and engages a copyist who, while transcribing from *A*'s copy, drops many dots and lines and does not care to understand the text. Copying is copying, no more. Then sometime after, *C* gets the copy of *B* and many more mistakes of text are made, and so on from *C* to *D* and *D* to *E*, mistakes increasing with every copy, till one comes by a very corrupt text which is the tenth or perhaps the twentieth copy of the original. Then one has to trace backwards, a hundred or two hundred years; but the earliest copies are extinct or disfigured by time. Patience and curiosity, however, can help; and I have had my moments of joy when in 'vacant moods' I have hit upon, as in a flash, what the original word or phrase must have been. This is adopted after being put to all the relevant tests of rhyme and metre, sound and sense, and the general sweep and impression of the manuscript calligraphy. Such a word or phrase has not unoften illumined a whole song. Number 98, for instance, where the manuscripts and oral tradition agreed on a somewhat meaningless phrase in the second line (within quotation marks here).

Yas gav masvali "gönde havā."
which is corrected as

Yas gav masvali "göndur havāy."

This has been a labour of love for several years; and I can claim to have so tuned myself to these songs, their music, mood and meaning, that I can exercise the right and responsibility of an anthologist. For it cannot be quite a "dilettante business" for the first anthologist of a language which has a living tradition of song from the fourteenth century to the present day. I cannot, however, say that I have omitted nothing of value, that no 'gems' may be discovered which are not here. For a first anthologist this would be a tall claim. What I claim is this: here is a collection, a golden treasury (if you will) of Kashmiri lyrics which may not be found to include anything that has not a poetic feeling, sentiment or mood or beauty of word and phrase.

Out of the various readings or versions I have selected the more poetical, not the more popular one; but where the claims of a variant have been impressive, I have given it in the footnotes. I have also exercised the anthologist's right of excision, for some of the poems improve by excision of weak verses and superfluous stanzas. The unit of translation has been, with a few exceptions, the line, not the stanza; and I have not attempted translation into verse though I suspect myself of having caught at places the rhythm of the original when it could,

more or less, be rendered into English. I have, with a few exceptions, kept quite close to the original: I have translated literally but, I hope, fairly intelligibly, and the foot-notes indicate where I have departed from the literal meaning. For effect I have sometimes literally translated the original idiom or conceit *e. g.*, 'love melted me, 'water thee with milk', 'burns of love.' For me, however, the original is the thing, not the translation.

III

My love for the Kashmiri lyric has been (I hope) genuine and intimate. It has sent me wandering up and down and across the valley on many "lyrical" hunts and enjoyable "lyrical" missions, for some of these songs live in the country. But they are not only cowboy songs. Nor are they domestic folk poetry comprising marriage songs and funeral songs or "Lytierveses" or harvest songs, the stuff of which folk songs, as such, are made. We have all these in Kashmiri as well as nonsense nursery rhymes or singing games like

Or okusbokus tilawān çokus...

Or zūn māj zūnī aṅgan māṅgan...

Nor are they what may be called folk-ballads expressing the Kashmiri's satiric humour; for he can laugh at his own discomfiture:

buji aki dōp yi kyā didI gom
kasābay osum su kōt didI gom
su ha didI nyūnay gurā āban
zor kōr vēshive sahlāban

Said an old granny in a wild flurry,

"Oh, woe is me! Oh, woe is me!

O where's my headgear?"

"O granny dear, O granny dear,

The yellow flood has carried it off."

The Vishav has overflown her banks.

IV

I have loved these songs for their music, for their melody. For the Kashmiri lyric is a thing of music, a very melodious music, with its musical rhymes and ever-recurring refrains, its alliterations and assonances, that come most spontaneously as the very stuff of our language, which has about as many vowels as consonants. We have no sonant aspirates, and gutturals and harsh consonants are rare. The cleverest Kashmiri verse-maker could not make a line as harsh as this, deliberately and for effect, with only Kashmiri words:

"Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked
smoke stack."

Rhymes and refrains help to enshrine these songs in the memory which are memorable for another reason also. For many years these songs have relieved the tedium of the

life of our women who, mostly unlettered,
find in them a sincere echo of their emotion.
They give

"—a very echo to the seat
where love is throned."

Like the songs in *braja* tradition it is generally the woman who is the lover and utters her love. Besides, many of these lyrics are unmistakably the work of women poetesses, Lal Dēd, the mystic, Arnimāl (the wife of the famous author of "Bahari Tavīl"), Haba Khātūn of song and story, and (Mrs) Jum of Navhatta. They have also enlivened the sweated labour employed by "Kārkhānadārs" and the artistic toiling of the deft craftsmen of Kashmir.

"Mark it [the song] Cesario, it is old and plain ;

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread
with bones

Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love"

And the embroiderers, the *pashmina* and *gabba* makers, wood-carvers and papier-machie makers, and the country lads and country lasses do use to chant it. Muslim maids are free in Kashmir as they are perhaps now here in the north-west of India. Says Mahjur :

"Singing thou roamest the uplands above
And fairies thee applaud ;
Like the *didar* lark thou singest.

"Can *Khoja* women match thee?
Thou dost roam free amid flowers.
Khoja women lie confined indoors,
O country lass, O sweet, O dear !" (No. 121)

These lyrics become memorable to us for we can relate them to actual experience and to places. I have such numerous song-and-place associations and memories. They can re-create for us, in whatever measure, the poet's own background of his experience as no other poetry can do. Persian poetry never did this except, in a second-hand manner, for a few of the upper classes. Urdu has not, at least as yet, taken the place occupied by Persian (say) fifty years ago ; and it cannot be expected to do much more than what Persian did with its court prestige and intrinsic poetic appeal for the educated few. Meanwhile the educated Kashmiri must go without the intimate revelations of the poetry native to him, which alone could vibrate the string of his heart with the incantation of its verse, and he must wean himself away from the intimate sympathy which it alone could quicken within him and bind him with the life around. A poor life this !

V.

The melody and the rhythm of a poetry make for the "capital difficulty" of translation, perhaps a little more so for Kashmiri poetry. Of late the rhythms of Kashmiri songs have by imitation of the Persian prosody (the only prosody the Kashmiri song writer knows) become very correct but very inflexible, a strait-laced pattern of quantitative metre, notably in the present day *gazals*. In the older songs of Lal Dēd and some others we discern a looseness and a flexibility which does not fit in quite within the precise Persian or *doha* quantitative metres. Sir George Grierson was right in discerning a tendency towards stress being substituted for quantity in the Kashmiri song. It is the stress accent that saves it from monotony, helps the metre to express the subtle rhythms of lyric moods, and accommodates turns, exquisitely musical, which, while the songs are being sung, often occur to the musician or the singer.

We feel a certain peculiar ease in weaving rhymes and rhythms. There is indeed a "nursery rhyme thrill", a certain Hickery-Dickery-Dock pattern of rhythm, which anyone can hear (as Aldous Huxley¹ heard it) any time, of day, in the streets of Kashmir with which a group of coolies enliven the heavy loads they carry collectively. Several Englishmen have told me that they can catch and

appreciate the lilt of a Kashmiri song (say), a boatman's chanty, more easily than they can do elsewhere in India. Here is what Mary Hallows¹ caught of the tune of a chanty sung by boatmen punting up their cargo boats "khōcū" in the Jhelum.

"Swift the current, dark the night,
(Yā—illā, lā—illā)
Stars above our guide and light
(Krālīār, bālīār!) ...
All together on the rope,
(Ya Pīr—Dust Gīr)
In our sinews lies our hope
Khālīko, Mālīk—ko ! ..."

This is not all. When Id is approaching and Ramadan is about to end in the city or the villages; or, in the villages, at the time of harvest or a local festival on an evening when the moon is up on high and "the heavens are bare", the country lasses and the middle-aged dames will come out and divide themselves into groups, and the groups will fall into rows, and the rows will be interlocked in a kind of friends' shoulder or waist lock, which is made by arms outstretched over the shoulders or round the waists of their fellows on either hand till they form a solid interwoven file. Another row is formed likewise at the distance of

1. In the Illustrated Weekly of India.

a few paces, facing the former. Then that swing-like movement of the whole file begins, keeping time to the dance time of a Kashmiri "Rôv." Which is like this:

First row advancing and the second row receding,
Come, O fairies, let us dance, let us dance,
Second row advancing and the first row receding.
Sheltered from light while the peaks are
aglow with rosy dawn, with rosy dawn.
(No. 40)

And so on till the moon declines in the west
and the peaks are aglow with the rosy dawn.

VI

What survives of the Kashmiri lyric when its musical associations and vibrations of rhythm are lost in the process of translation? It loses the very stamp of poet's experience, its individuality, its unique mood and moment, which integrate music, rhythm and meaning of a poem. If it is a lyric, the very stuff of its experience, its substance or content, may suffer equally with the form. A lyric is a musical utterance of a mood or an emotion and the music cannot be separated from the mood; and the Kashmiri lyric, with a few exceptions, is not an "intellectual" lyric. But something may yet survive in these translations of mine, indicating this content and mood which, if I were to put it in a

word, I would call *lol* (to rhyme with *bole*) a Kashmiri word signifying an untranslatable complex of love, longing and a tugging at the heart, 'a longingness—'poor mortal longingness' in Walter de La Mare's phrase." This longing may be for God for many Kashmiri lyrics' enshrine a striving and a hunger for God in many moods.

Searching and seeking Him I, Lalla, wearied
myself (No. 8)

Whoever realizes his own true Self ...
(No. 19)

I abandoned myself completely to love
(No. 25)

The sense of fate:

I spread bird-lime, I wandered far ... (No. 18)

The striking imagery and epigrammatic terseness:

How can the kite hunt like the sparrow
hawk? (No. 16)

The edifying and exultant moods:

Since I tried to know the secret of man's
being... (No. 16)

The Indian religious lyrics, unlike the Hebrew psalms, breathe a spirit of charity for all. There is no vengeance against one's foe.

Sow Thou the seeds of friendship for me
And yet slay not even my enemies! (No. 15)

nor even against one's inconstant Love,

Yet did I say: 'Long mayest thou live!'

(No. 96)

Yet long may he live and give joy to them.

(No. 97)

Or, the Rās-Lilā lyrics, stressing inward experience rather than outward formalism and preferring *bhoga* to *tyaga*, in true Kashmiri Trika Saivite tradition.

Rās is where love's expanse broadens into an ocean:

Rās is equipoise 'mid sour and sweet

(No. 33)

Our dance is devotion, yoga, and jñāna,

Our dance is a samādhi in 'wakeful activity.'

(No. 32)

Why shall we renounce the world?

(No. 31)

In the mansion of the body.

See, a dance is going on.

With all its nine windows open.

Make a ring, make a ring. (No. 30)

VII

Then the longing for Love in all its moods!
The spring is come, flowers are in bloom,
and the *kukil* and *tiriv* are here—but "where are you?"

Flowers have blossomed in all their hues,
Love, where are you? (No. 35).

1. See poems in Part II.

See the *Kaav*, the *kukil*, and the *poshinool*

(No. 36)

The expectation and the elation of Love's visit:

At Ishabar I am filling goblets of wine,

(No. 38)

Then the long long waiting till the days drag; but he does not come and the yearning deepens and so deepens the anguish of separation.

The distant meadows are in bloom,

Hast thou not heard my plaint? (No. 44)

Think of *lodar* flowers' bloom along the

rivulet banks— (No. 47)

My Love, my Jasmine, my Jasmine.

I long for thee. (No. 54).

Did you not see him

Who still smites me with love? (No. 70)

Then comes the questioning and doubting of Love's fidelity. Indeed he is "sporting strangers 'mong", and the rivals mock at her. Even her endurance has a limit, and she begins to fling accusations at him, the Reckless, the Inconstant, the Visitor of a Hundred Homes, the Luxury mad, the Voluptuary.

Over passes high I carried him wine,

But he is roaming 'mid sylvan glades.

O why does he dwell in the distant glades?

O where is he drunk with my rivals' wine? (No. 73)

Hardly had I, a budding hourie, bathed
me in sandal-oil,
When he, My Love, did flee away from me,
O friend... (No. 107)

He is faithless and a vow-breaker :

Friend, to his vows no credit give....
(No. 115)

Now they become copper, now they become
bronze... (No. 116)

On the wayside, at dusk, he left me for-
lorn, (No. 117)

VIII.

There are other moods, other nuances of
these moods; but their tone is usually the
same: plaintive, wistful, melancholic. It is
rarely that, apart from the Rās-Lilā lyric,
we find a whole-hearted abandon to joy,
sensuous or supernal. Why should most of
our songs lack gaiety and rapture?

"... Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in
song."

Is it that we have, till recently, lacked
any noble aspiration, any large-hearted hope
for many centuries past? But while these
songs express our helplessness and resignation
to fate, they do also express our pious forti-
tude and our popular philosophy of life and
faith in God.

These lyrics have few allusions and fewer
ornaments and figures of speech. There are re-
ferences to Shirin and Farhad, La'ila and Maj-
nun, Shekh Sana and Mansur, from Persian but
usually we draw on our own legend and
lore and speak of Bombur and Lolare, Himāl
and NāgIrāy (lovers famous in legend) or myna
and golden oriole and turtle-dove (birds), or
narcissus, daffodil, hyacinth and colchicum
(flowers) and the like. They have directness,
simplicity, sometimes naivete, and a tender
poignancy of feeling.

Don't be cross, O Myna dear,
It's love has smitten me. (No. 65)
This world is new, for ever and ever new,
O lovely maid, weave thy youth into a
wreath of dance (No. 64)
Say, without thee, how shall I fill my
days? (No. 80)
Across meadows and down hillsides...
(No. 48)

Persian has had a dominating influence
on Kashmiri, and being a sweet language, its
words and phrases have been assimilated
easily. What one may take exception to is
not the borrowing of words and phrases
which have enriched our language, but the
use of anaemic and worn-out imagery and
insincere hyperbole of the decadent Persian
poetry. On rare occasions, however, the

Kashmiri poet can strike a genuine spark from the mint of Persian conceit:

Thy tresses are a hyacinth, (No. 68)
In the garden of love the wounds of my
heart are the flowers,
And my sighs are the cypress. (No. 93).

IX

This seems to be the "poetically effective order." Other arrangements there could well be. This, for instance: lyrics directly addressed to Love (first person); lyrics addressed to one's friend and companion, pleading for her intercession (second person); and lyrics expressing one's love for the beloved without such intercession (third person).

Or, chronologically: The famous Lal Dād, a mystic poetess of the fourteenth century continues the tradition of our indigenous philosophy, Kashmir Monistic Saivism or the Trika School, in an energy of idiom and terse imagery rarely equalled in our language. Her contemporary, much younger in age, Shekh Nur-ud-Din of Crar Sharif, Nuṇḍ Rishi, as he is popularly known, wrote didactic poems in verses which have become current as pithy sayings and proverbs; but the genuineness of his verse in *Rishinama* or *Nurnama* cannot be vouched for with certainty.

It is in its second period during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that the Kashmiri lyric enters upon its typical period when first Haba Khātūn and, later on, Arni-māl with several known and unknown poets sing of human love in what may be called the typical Kashmiri *Lol*-lyric which is amply represented in this anthology¹. The love they sing of is secular; it is no longer largely mystical, spiritual or didactic as it had been in the first period from the fourteenth to nearly the seventeenth century, the age of Lal Dād and Nuṇḍ Rishi. The *Lol*-lyric is very musical, very brief, rarely more than ten lines including the repeated refrains, abounding in rhymes and assonances, put in the mouth of a woman lover, a cry from her heart, expressing in a flexible pattern more a mood than a thought.

The nineteenth century or thereabouts ushers in the third period, the age of Mahmūd Gāmi and, a little later, of Parmānand. Persian influence is now deep on theme, idea and diction as well as on metre, rhyme, allusion and imagery. There is less directness and poignancy of feeling but more passion and sensuousness, ornateness and conceit. This is a fruitful period of Kashmiri literature both in the number of poets and

1. See Poems in Part II.

the quality of their poetry. The *Rov*-lyric, begun earlier no doubt, now comes into vogue as a literary art-form.

With Parmānand and even earlier with Prakāsh Rām, we are introduced to a new kind of lyric which I have called the Rās-Lilā lyric, distinguished by its abandon to joy, expressing devotion and religious fervour for a Personal God, notably Krishna or Siva. The universe exists: it is real and it is good. Indeed all creation is an overflowing of God's joy; it is a Lilā, a Siva's dance.

X

The fourth period¹ may be said to have begun with Mahjūr in the twenties of the present century. The present-day poets have tried some new themes, such as, Mahjūr's. *The Country Lass*, *Arise O Gardener* and *Our Country is a Garden*.

If thou wouldst arouse this habitat of roses,
leave toying with kettle-drums;

Let there be thunder, storm, tempest,
yea, an earthquake! (No. 119)

Our Country is a garden (No. 120)

The Hill-stream goes asinging: (No. 130)

The modern note is, however, sounded by Pandit Zinda Kaul, in a poem which might be entitled, "Interrogation", a poem which shows

1. See the Poems in Part III.

the possibilities of the Kashmiri lyric, what it can achieve in a diction not divorced from the present-day idiom, employing new rhyme-schemes and rhythm-patterns and haunting refrains, an expressive medium, rich in its "incantation" and beautiful imagery, bodying forth the eternal *why* and the eternal *lol*-longing of the human soul:

Is Love an idle fancy?

Is Beauty a "vain illusive show"? (No. 132)

This points the way to something beyond the "silly sooth" and the dalliance with "the innocence of love" of the earlier *Lol*-lyric.

J. L. K.

The Kashmiri Alphabet :

a. Vowels :

Short	Long
1. a āch (an eye) ٣	2. ā ās (a mouth) ٣:
3. a akh (one) अ, ١ [fur]	4. ā ākh (a mark) आ ١ [far]
5. a tar (a rag) ٢	6. a tar (cold) ٢:
7. i dil (heart) इ ١ [fill]	8. i til (oil) ई, ١ [feel]
9. u kun (single) उ, ١ [pull]	10. ū kūn (a corner) ऊ, ١ [pool]
11. ē zēv (tongue) [इ+अ, zest]	12. e yer (wool) ए, ١ [अ+इ, bale]
13. o nōr (a sleeve) [hot]	14. o bor (a load) ओ, ١ [bore] ١+٣
15. ō dōd (milk) ٢ [उ+अ, dual]	
16. I khāsi (cups)—a shade of i, at the end of a syllable preceded by a consonant.	

b. Consonants :

k क ١, kh ख ١, g [get] ग ١, ṇ [bring], ण ١

* ç [soft] च, ch छ, ٢, ज ٢;

c च ٢, ch छ ٢, j ज ٢, ñ [canyon] ण;

t [hard] ट ١, th ठ ١, d [soft] ढ ١;

t [soft] त ١, th थ ١, d [soft] द ١, n न ١;

p प ١, ph फ ١, b ब ١, m म ١;

y [you] य ١, r र ١, l ल ١, v व ١;

sh श ١, s स ١, h ह ١;

* ç çam (skin), soft c.

ch chat (a draught of air), soft ch.

And it is in this associative quality in words...that half the secret of poetry is to be found if we could find it. That is why, with no exceptions that are not negligible, authentic poetry has never been written in any language but that to which the poet was born.

John Drinkwater

The volatile essence of poetry, we know, must evaporate, most of it, in another tongue, and the translator must ever ask for much to be taken on trust....

Oliver Elton

2

PART I

Lal Dēd

1

Lal bōh drāyas lolare
 çhārān lūstum dēn kēho rāth
 vuchum pāndith paṇaṇi gare
 suy mē rōtmas nēchtur ta sāth

2

keṇh chiy nēṇḍari-hātiy vudiy
 keṇḇan vudēn nēsar pēyi
 keṇh chiy snān kārith aputiy
 keṇh chiy geh bāzith ti akrayi

3

kyāh kara pāṇḇan dāhan ta kāhan
 vōkh-shan yith lēji karith yim gāy
 sāriy samahān yith razi lamahān
 ada kyāzi rāvihe kāhan gāv

3

1

Longingly for love did I, Lalla, set forth,
 And many a day and night I searched;
 Then, lo, I saw the Pandit in my own home;
 Then did I fix upon the moment
 auspicious.

2

Some, though asleep, are yet awake,
 While on some, who are awake, hath slumber
 fallen.
 Some, despite ablutions, are unclean,
 While some, 'mid household cares, are
 actionless.

3

Ah me! the five¹, the ten², and the eleven³
 Have scraped out this pot⁴ and gone away.
 Should they all unite and pull upon this rope,
 Why should the cow⁴ of the eleven³ go
 astray?

1. The five *bhutas*. 2. The ten principal and secondary vital airs.
 3. Five *Jnanendriyas* and five *karmendriyas* and *manas*. 4. The 'pot'
 and the 'cow' are the soul; the cow is owned by eleven masters, each
 of whom pulls it in his own direction.

4

Lal Dēd

4

lālith lālith vaday bo-dāy
çettā muhac pēyiy māy
roziy no pata loh-laṅgarac çhāy
nēzā-svaraph kyāh mōthuy hāy

5

✓ nābādī-bāras aṭa-gand dyōl gom
dēn-kār hōl gom hēka kahyū
gōra-sund vanun rāvan-tyōl pyom
pahāli-rōst khyōl gom hēka kahyū

6

āmi pana sōdāras nāvi chas lamān
kati bozi day myon mē-ti diyi tār.
āmēn tākēn poñ zan shamān
zuv chum bramān gara gaçhāhā

5

4

I shall weep and weep for thee, my soul,
The illusion of the world hath befallen thee.
Not for thee will survive even the shadow of
the objects thou lovest,
Which like an iron anchor tie thee to the
world;
Alas! why, then, hast thou, forgot thine own
true Self?

5

The sling of my candy load¹ hath become
loose, and it galls my back;
My day's work hath gone awry; ah, woe is
me!
My *Guru's* word hath been as painful as a
blister of loss² to me;
My flock³ hath lost its shepherd; ah, woe is me!

6

With an untwisted thread I am towing a boat
on the ocean;
Would that my God heard my prayer and
brought me safe across!
Like water in pots of unbaked clay, I waste
away;
I have a longing keen: would that I were to
reach my home!

1. Of worldly pleasures. 2. He has told me to renounce (lose) the pleasures I have loved. 3. I have lost one-pointedness of mind and purpose.

6

Lal Dēd

7

✓ pōt zūni vōthith mōt bolānovum
dag lalanāvam dayisañzi prahe
Lāl Lāl karān Lāla vuzānovum
milith tas man shrocyom dahe

8

Lal bo lūṣas ḥārān ta gārān
hal mē kōrmas rasa-nishi ti
vuchun hyōtmas tāḍi diḥi-mas baran
mē-ri kal ganeyi zi zogmas tāti

9

mal vōndi zolum
jigar morum
tēli Lal nāv drām
yēli dāl trāvī-mas tāti

7

7

At the early dawn I got up and sang to the
mad one¹,
And soothed his pain with the love of God.
Trying to realize "*I am Lalla*², *I am Lalla*," I
awakened my Love,
And became one with Him; and the ten³ were
purified.

8

Searching and seeking Him I, Lalla, wearied
myself,
And even beyond my strength I strove;
Then, looking for Him, I found His doors
closed and latched.
This deepened my longing and stiffened my
resolve;
And I would not move but stood where I was,
full of longing and love, to gaze on Him.

9

All impurities within me I burnt away,
And I did slay my heart.
I came to be known as the pious Lalla,
Only when I cleaved unto Him there:
Only when I sat, just there, waiting for His
grace.

1. My heart mad on worldly pleasures. 2. My own true Self which
I realized was the same as the Supreme Self. 3. Indriyas.

Nund Ryōsh'

10

āshakh suy. yus āshkasātī daze
 sōn zan prazālēs panānuy pān
 āshkun nār yēs vālinji saze
 ada māli vātiy suy lāmākān

11

āshakh chuy kun gōbur māji marun
 su zōla kari ta kihay
 āshakh chuy ganātulārēv pān barun
 su sōkha rozi ta kihay
 āshakh chuy ratajāma tani pārāvun
 su āh kari ta kihay

12

✓ ārabalan nāgarādā rov
 sād rov çūrōn mañz
 mūdāgaran gōrapāndith rov
 rāzahamsā rov kāvan mañz

1. Shekh Nur-ud-dīn of Crer Sharif.

10

The lover is he who burns with love,
 Whose Self doth shine like gold.
 When man's heart lights up with the flame of
 love,
 Then shall he reach the Infinite.

11

Love is death of an only son to a mother—
 Can the lover have any sleep?
 Love is venomous stings of a swarm of wasps—
 Can the lover have any rest?
 Love is a robe dripping with blood—
 Can the wearer even utter a sigh?

12

The fount was lost amidst the rocks;
 The saint was lost among the thieves;
 In the homes of the ignorant the wise pandit
 was lost;
 And the swan was lost among the crows.

10

13

Nuñd Ryòsh

✓vēthavāvas tan nānī su ti dōhā Nasaro
tōn vaḡara ta syāñ pānī su ti dōhā Nasaro
nishi rānī ta vurāni khānī su ti dōhā Nasaro
vurābata ta gāḍagānī su ti dōhā Nasaro

14

✓poshinūl poshivāriy gārān
mōgul gārān huniy vās
shūj shīñālay gārān
khar gārān guh lēd ta sās

15

Arnimāl

āshāvañdanhandi āsho ve
gaṭimañṣa hāvtam gāsho ve
lāsan gomo rāsho ve
prārān chasāyo āsho ve
myātranhuñduy byolā vāvI-ze
shātran ti kārI-zinā nāsho ve

11

13

The body exposed to the cold river winds
blowing,
Thin porridge and half-boiled vegetable to
eat—

There was a day, O Nasaro¹!

My spouse by my side and a warm blanket to
cover us,

A sumptuous meal and fish to eat—

There was a day, O Nasaro!

14

The oriole seeks out a flower garden;
The owl seeks out a deserted spot;
The she-jackal searches dreary wastes;
The donkey searches dung and dirt.

15

O Thou Hope¹ of the hopeful,
In mid darkness show me light.
To far-off Lhāsā he has gone for gain;
Expectant I wait: O bring him back safe
to me!
Sow Thou the seed of friendship for me every-
where,
And slay not even my enemies.

1. His chief disciple, Nasar-ud-din.

12

16

shāhnihund shikār gānth kava zāni
hānth kava zāni pōtray dod
shamāhuk māni lāsh kava zāni
māch kava zāni pāmpārī soz
yēli yēs bani tēli suy zāni
—(Lal Dēd)

17

ti būzith yi gāchi mashun
pashun çali dön ālaman

khākas nishi nerān sōn
grāko sōy kār parzanāvtan
kāma krūḍa lūba nishi gāchi nashun
pashun çaliy dön ālaman

18

dyūthum orutāh gomut hīre
nādāna yi kāyū vīre taṅg

jēchām vālavāshi tachām khore
jēchām saṅgar ta vuchām koh
day nay diyi ta ḍeka nay pūre
nādāna yi kāyū vīre taṅg
—Khwaja Habib

13

16

How can the kite hunt like the sparrow-hawk?
How can the barren woman feel the ardour of
a mother's love?
How can the faggot burn like the candle?
How can the fly feel the martyrdom of the
moth?
When man suffers, then alone he knows.

17

When thou hearest that, thou must forget this,
Thou wilt, then, have no regrets in both the
worlds.

From earth comes out gold,
O Seeker, find out that mine of gold,
And abjure lust, anger and desire:
Thou wilt, then, have no regrets in both the
worlds.

18

I saw a man in distress, begging.
O fool, can the willow yield thee a pear?

I spread birdlime, I wandered far,
I climbed rocky cliffs and mountains high—
(And I did all that man could do)—
If God doth not grant, if fate doth not decree,
O fool, can the willow yield thee a pear?

14

19

yāmi kōr sara panun pān
mas bānan ṭhān muṣarāvith gav
chiv lagēs hosh nashas
mashas pananuy pān
na su zāni hēndī vōpath
na su musalmān

20

āmī-day sūramātī sāṇyāsī
ṣūri dil ti myon vōdāsī niv
jaṭi chas gaṅg ta haṭi shāhmāro
ḍeki chus shūbān cāṇdramātār
aṭhi chis poshikī ta amrēṭakhāsī
ṣūri dil ti myon vōdāsī niv

21

lōli lōli karay lōli maṇzali
mē kali cāni gomo sūr
chivaruk mas cato gali gali
ākāshi lāg gulibōmbūr
rav zān Shav chuyo thali thali
sōṇasaṇz shrākh pyāyimo hali
kavazāna kati pyom āshkaṣūr
yēli yēs bani tēli suy zāni
yus gaṇchi Kābas su katyū pheri
damaṇ damaṇ vuchi nūrezuhūr
sāl kari Kābas lāmakānas pheri

15

19

Whosoever realizes his own true Self
Uncovers the vessels of wine,
Overflows with joy, is intoxicated,
And forgets his lower self:
He will not know a Hindu
From a Musalmān.

20

The ash-besmeared Sannyasi,
The Ascetic, has stolen away my heart.
Down His matted locks the Ganges flows and
the cobra entwines His neck,
His brow is illumined by the moon and the stars,
In His hands He holds cups of nectar and
flowers bell-shaped—
The Ascetic has stolen away my heart.

21

In the cradle of my lap I shall rock thee,
I am utterly consumed with longing for thee.
Drink the wine ecstatic,
Rove in mid air like wasp-bee in the sky,
See, Siva, like the sun, is everywhere.
Love's golden sword has pierced my side,
I know not where I was waylaid by Love:
When man suffers, then alone he knows.
Whoever goes to the Ka'ba will not turn back,
Every moment he will see the Vision Beatific,
And in the Ka'ba and the Boundless he will
roam.

16

22

yēth samsāras vānī mē diçāmas
yāras melun gānimath

zāhid rūzith gōphi tay gāras
ābid pherān mañz gulzāras
āshakh mushtākh pañanis yāras
yāras melun gānimath

—Khwaja Habib

23

āshkan āshī-kataṛa dur zan harān
tarān mijgāna mūhañī kān
āshakh tim yim marnābronṭh marān
lāshakh vātān lāmakān
māshokh diṣhith gul zan phōlān

—Khwaja Habib

24

lajiyo matyo cāni thazi kāri
lāgay kāripātiy posh

grataḅal gayas grata aṇavāri
chal gom bāli pharāmosh
oḍ khēv gratan ta oḍ gratakhāri

ashkasag lajām lola tōlavāri
phiryām poshi camānan sag
āb gom jāri osh mā māri

—Kalandar Shah

17

22

I did carefully survey the world :
It is a blessing to find one's love—

The hermit dwells in his cave,
The devotee roves amidst flowers,
The lover yearns for his beloved.
What a joy to search and find one's love !

23

Pierced by the darts from their beloveds' eye-
lashes,
Lovers shed tears like pearl.
True lovers die before their death ;
And men of faith come to the Infinite ;
Seeing their beloved, like flowers they bloom.

24

I adore thy graceful neck and stately,
And with larkspur adorn thee, Love.

I went to the corn-mill to take my turn
But I missed the device—ah, foolish me !
I lost some grist in the mill-wheel and some
in the corn-basket.

I filled buckets of desire with the water
of love,
And watered the flower-plots ;
But the water overflowed : will the Lord of
the Garden chastise me ?

18

25

āshkāni mādāna trāvyām hay
hay tavay toṭhyom pānay day

yāmi dārī-yāva āsī padā gay
layī roz tamikuy may āparay
"vaja'lnā minalmā'i kul shayin hay"

keṇçav pyāla cay payāpay
keṇçan cavān sapāduy tay¹
keṇh gay tāri² ta keṇçan chu say.

—Khwaja Hābib

26

bar-buka āyēs sōrgaç hūr
mohēm dūr hā madāno

gāphila pāno kāphila dūr
suy gom kōsūr hā madāno
zarānata karākyā malānā sūr

sārivay çanĵāv kānsino pūr
kunīras taḥandis and lōb no
yus gav maṇa kinī tāmi lōb nūr

1 and 2 Var. Kay, mokalith. The meaning changes to—
Some could not tolerate their drink; Some have reached the
goal while some are on their way.

19

25

I abandoned myself completely to love¹;
And God is pleased with me.

Be steadfast in love and I will give thee
A taste of wine which fills the River of Life
That brought us hither;
From whose water God hath made every living
thing².

Some drank cup after cup unceasingly;
Some, in the act of drinking, attained to the
goal;
Some have despaired, while some still have
hope.

26

Full to bursting am I, a hourie of Paradise,
Do not flee away, Love.

Ah, careless me! the caravan is gone far ahead,
And that has been my undoing, Love:
Shall I not languish, shall I not with ashes
besmear myself?

All sought Him but none found
The infinitude of His Unity;
He alone found the Light who struck the path
of Self within.

1. Lit. I let the horse of my mind wander at will in the field of love.
2. The Koran, Sura, XXI, 30.

diginibalas vigini vanavāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān¹

sōn samandar sani bā sōṇaye
rōn bāthis pēth atha mūrān
ōn kyā zāni tirakamāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān

ath sōdras vāṇatūphāno
nāṇa vuchamas beshumār
keñh phaci tay keñh yīrāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān

dārith dyutnas mañz darī-yāvas
nay vuchmas sum nay tār
vath hāvtam chus gārzāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān

ath kāḍalas karu zolāno
ami apor chuy 'fano-fil-hāh'
na chu hyōñd tay na musalmāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān

1. Var. Bozu jano sozi Sultan—Hear, O hear, the royal tune.

It is the fairies that sing at the fount,
Hear, O hear, that song so sweet.

On the shore of this ocean, bottomless and deep,
The maimed sit wringing their hands,
And the blind cannot take aim with a bow and
arrow.

Hear, O hear, that song so sweet.

In this ocean I see a tempest raging
And countless boats—
Some have sunk and some are drifting.
Hear, O hear, that song so sweet.

I am cast into the midmost waters,
And I can find no way across;
I am a stranger here—"Lead Thou me on!"
Hear, O hear, that song so sweet.

Manacle thy (self and make of it a) bridge* (to
span this ocean wide);
And, across, attain to the "Annihilation in the
Divine",

Where there is no Hindu nor Musalman.
Hear, O hear, that song so sweet.

*The self alone can be a bridge across this ocean, provided it is so disciplined as to move beyond the confusion of diversity of paths to the Dominion of the Divine, where there is Unity.

Azizmôt gomut devāno
 lolābāyan sōkhan bāvān
 nekh mardan hañdi anāmāno
 bozu jāno suy soz jān

—Aziz Darvesh

yārI dōp māshokh pādā karantay
 pādā gav 'kalam ta lavh'
 rōbasuñd phōrmān lyukh kalāmantay
 vantay lo hay lo

Rāma Rāma 'paryāv Shekh Sanāhantay
 hēnzimōkhā lōb tāml yār'
 būt polun Kōrān zoluntay
 vantay lo hay lo

ana pōr Hazrati Mansūrantay
 manā nishi lōb tāml yār'
 vananuy sir chuy āyul pantay
 vantay lo hay lo

vajūdi ādamas dičām kantay
 sajūda rūdus bo
 tanashut vajad āv malākantay
 vantay lo hay lo

—Wahāb Khār

1. Var. day=God.

Azizmôt has gone crazy,
 He is letting out love's secret among his
 fellow-men.
 He has heard it from pious men and saints.
Hear, O, hear, that song so sweet.

Love said: "My Beloved I shall create;"
 And there was tablet and pen.
 The pen wrote the command of God.
Sing hey ho for joy!

Shekh Sana recited the name of Rama,
 And in an Indian girl he found his Love,
 He worshipped an idol and burnt the Koran.
Sing hey ho for joy!

"I am the Truth", said Hazrat Mansūr,
 In his own mind he found his Love—
 That secret is difficult to tell*
Sing hey ho for joy!

Since I tried to know the secret of man's being
 And obeisance low I made,
 The angels have begun to dance for joy
Sing hey ho for joy!

* Lit. As subtle a secret as an untwisted thread is frail.

24

29

yāra gaçhavo divāye
 āshkārā drāvāye
 sūratan mañz çāvāye
 chus Muhammad nāvāye
 "kuntu kanzan" āvāye
 jalva mārān drāvāye
 "nahnu akrab" bāvāye
 yāra gaçhavo divāye
 pārl-mas mē nāvāye
 lachi-bādī chis nāvāye
 kyāh bo dimāsay nāvāye
 yāra gaçhavo divāye
 hā gachto kāvay
 myāni vantas grāvay
 sīna muçarith hāvāye
 yāra gaçhavo divāye

—Khwaja Habib

30

Nandalāl āv gindāne rās
 āra kārī-ve āray
 āraṣal dāz lolānāray
 āraṣali' kōr vanvās
 āraṣal' phīr āraāray
 āra kārī-ve āray

1. Var. ararastīl=The Cruel One. 2. Var. arakac=The Love-lorn.

25

29

*Friend, we will go to the festival*¹.
 He has manifested Himself,
 And is incarnate in human form:
 His name is Muhammad.

He, "the Hidden Treasure," has shown Himself,
 And comes trailing splendour;
 He is "nearer than our life-vein" to us.
Friend, we will go to the festival.

I have recited His names,
 Countless are they,
 Say, how shall I call him?
Friend, we will go to the Festival.

Go, dear crow,
 Convey to Him my complaints,
 I would open my heart to Him.
Friend, we will go to the Festival.

30

Nandalāl is come to dance,
Make a ring, make a ring.

The wild rose is aflame with love,
 It has taken to the woods,
 It has wandered by the brooks.
Make a ring, make a ring.

1. at Hazrat Bal.

dihidārikayi mañz vārāy
vuchive khelāvun rās
dāri muṇarīth nav dāray
āṛa kārī-ve āray

kārive sōndar nāray
rōhv karānuk abyās
Shāmaśōndar bozi vārāy
āṛa kārī-ve āray

lāri kyāh yēmi samsāray
sāsan kārive sās
akh dayināv tāri tāray
āṛa kārī-ve āray

Kṛaṣhnas satī lōkačāray
Kṛaṣhnajuvā kar athavās
yi chu lōkačār dōh tāray
āṛa kārī-ve āray

—Krishna Rāzdān

sāmiv karav athavās
pākiv rās gindāne

shērēth sāmpanī kuni rāth
Gūpināth naṇani lōg
vāhar dōh gav pāhar mās

3. V. gindaneḱi chiy dōh taray—Thy time for play is three short days.

In the mansion of the body,
See, a dance is going on
With all its nine windows open.
Make a ring, make a ring.

O maidens beautiful,
"On with the dance";
Shyāmasundar will enjoy it greatly.
Make a ring, make a ring.

What of this world will go with us?
Let us, then, spend profusely.
Lord's name alone can ferry us across.
Make a ring, make a ring.

From thy childhood, O Krishnaju¹,
Dance hand in hand with Lord Krishna;
Youth will last but three short days.
Make a ring, make a ring.

Come, let us join hand in hand
And let us go out for the ras-dance.

Six months passed like a single night
When the Lord of Gopis began to dance—
A year flew as a day and a month as an hour.

1.—The poet himself.

yēth bālapānas dimav çuhāh
yūthuy dōhāh gānimath
sāsas yōgas karav sās

shurēn baçan labikani sāvith
vachitala trāvith neravnā
sati-hēth bēni pōph māj mās

dāribar vaçha trāvith nerav
vath lāb ta mastānavath pherav
dayilola rōst kyāh layi atalās

vāniv kas chuva Krāshnun lol
zuvuk zuv ta kāmī kyāh çol
nivavun man divavun vākās

tōhi kati son-hyuh banyova hāl
ada kati zānyūn tōhī Nandalāl
neravnā pāarith vōlās

āsī kamibāpath karav tyāg
asi gaçhi āsun Krāshnun rāg
suy gav taph zaph yūgabyās

katha sāni mahāmanthar zān
vuchun son zān vōtam dyān
khyōncōn son bōd vōpavās

We will make the most of life while young—
Blessed indeed are the days of youth—
A thousand eras we will dance away.

We will lull to sleep our children,
From our bosoms weaned away, and
Go forth with our sisters, mothers and aunts.

Quick! and leave the doors and windows
open;
We know the way to Him and, like mad, we
will go;
Save God's love what will riches avail us?

Say, who long for Krishna dear?
Who love him as the life of life? Who
have suffered for
The Stealer of Hearts and the Giver of
Ecstasy?

You have not suffered as we have suffered,
How then can you know Nandalāl?
Shall we not go bedecked to meet Him?

Why shall we renounce the world?
We will bring devotion unto Krishna.
That is austerity enough and Yogic meditation.

Our casual words are mighty spells;
Our wayward glance, meditation sublime;
Our eating and drinking, a holy fast.

kathā gayi nēṅalith athā rūzith
kan chinā tas bēn hēkan būzith
saṅkalpan huṇḍ kōr sāṅIyās

yithēv harshēv khēy kōr shūkan
kati bani maṅz lūkālūkan
yēchavāni acharachā vaykōnthavās

Vōravāsh vash kār nācānan
gash gos pushpyos vaçānan
vuchI vuchI vigāni gayi vanvās

kāyādārith chuh māyātith
yūguk chuh sāmi būguk hīth
būgith (chuh, nērmal (ta) nērabyās

apārI nādāh yēpārI vādāh
çōpārI Rādhākrāshin chuy
prathkāṅsi sātīn kārith athavās

rātas doh gav dohas rāth
naçan chuh shāmas sātī prabāth
pānay sāmpun kālas grās

—Krishna Rāzdān

Struck dumb and motionless,
We hear nothing but speaks of Him—
Our thoughts, desires, and wills renounced.

Such bliss all sorrow kills;
Where amid the many worlds can it be had?
Even the fairies of Paradise long for it.

Our dance hath bewitched Urvashi;
Our songs have struck her dumb;
Fairies have fled to woods for shame.

Beyond māyā, He yet wears a phenomenal
form;
Lord of *yoga*, He yet appears to be a lover
of *bhoga*;
Enjoying all objects, He yet is pure and
actionless.

A call here and a shout there,
Rādhākrishna is everywhere,
Hand in hand with everyone!

Night passes into day and day passes into
night,
The evening dances with the morn,
And thus we devour the devouring Time.

āras mañz açavay
vagine zan naçavay

lāgos posh pūze
Krashnājuv nēndari vuze
vōparas kas paçavay

lājhas tani tanay
shāhlekḥ hanihanay
kamav premav haçavay

vanas mañz nanāvāre
çhārān Krashnāpyāre
kanēv tāpav taçavay

pāmpur shamahas path
taran kyāḥ chuh karan gath
mātis path kār maçavay

ashikani mōkhta hāran
chē lādan mōkhta hāran
tūli tūli zan raçavay

yi pad kyāḥ chuh vanun krūṭh
su parmānaṇḍ kāmī dyūṭh
vuchith vōnmut kaçavay

—Parmānaṇḍ

We will join the ring
And like fairies we will dance.

With flowers we will worship Him,
So may He waken up from sleep:
How can we trust anyone but Him?

Those maidens ardently in love
Locked him in a close embrace,
And in every limb felt refreshed and cool.

They went forth, barefoot, to the woods
In quest of Krishna dear—
A hot sun above and heated stones beneath.

The moth round the candle
Goes wheeling by and burns itself,
So danced these ardent maidens round their
Sportive Love.

They shed tears like pearl,
Which put to shame the best of pearls
Each cut to the weight of a fine *rati*.

How hard it is to tell the secret word!
Who has known the Highest Bliss?
And having known it, how few have told of it?

rāsamandālis cēth premuk mas
 sāsabazā maṣagāmaṣa naṣanas
 akhākis athavāsa lāyān āsa nādā
 Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākrishnāji

tātī āmaṭī tātī-mātī gāmaṭī
 nyāy ānṣarīth pāyas pemaṭī
 Narud Sōdām Shōkdīv ta Prahlādā
 Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākrishnāji

yēndralūk kithā vānī-ze Bindarāban
 nēndri-andar tyuth chinā ḍeshan
 gāmaṣ tati sārīnī dihiṣpādā
 Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākrishnāji

yīy gav bakhtbāvanā yūg jnān
 pāṇamyānī nēshī-ṣay kārīth tiy mān
 āthī dōpuk vyōthānas maṇṣ samādā
 Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākrishnāji

In the ring of dance, drunk with the wine of
 love,
 Thousands of them mad on dance and play,
 Hand in hand interlocked, shouted they:
 "Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnāji!"

Their confusions cleared and doubts removed,
 Thither had come, mad in ecstasy,
 Nārada, Sudāma, Shukdeva, Dhruva and
 Prahlādā, shouting:
 "Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnāji!"

With Bindraban of those days you could
 not compare the abode of Indra;
 Yea, you could not even dream of the like
 of it:
 All those present were freed from the bondage
 of flesh.
 Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnāji!

This our dance is devotion, faith, *yoga* and
jnana,
 O my soul, realize this truly:
 This is verily a *samadhi* in wakeful activity.
 Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnāji!

kulI-kaçh ta kani munI muçarāvith
 sīṇamañṇa bāvaki sir bāvith
 GūkalakI mōkht gāmaṭI dādāpardādā
 Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!

rās gav yēti sami raṣasamadur
 rās gav yēti çami çok ta mōdur
 rās gav zi rūdmuṭ āsi na aparādā
 Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākrishnāji!

Trees, plants, even stones, opened their eyes
 And laid bare the secrets of their loves.
 In Gokul all attained to *mukti*, even their
 forefathers.
 Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!

Ras is where love's expanse broadens into an
 ocean;
Ras is equipoise mid sour and sweet;
Ras is where there is no trace of sin.
 Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!

PART II

34

bahār āv nav bahār āv
 khōsh havā dilākiy gamgoṣā trāv
 raṅg-baraṅg nāvī kar kosman krāv
 bahār āv nav bahār āv

hiy che dapān zambāhas mē chu āmatāv
 dāg hyōt gulālan sōnaposhas chu cāv
 mārī āmī hameshi-bahārī phīrī phīrī āv
 bahār āv nav bahār āv

35

raṅga raṅga sārī gul āy
 madāno kati cānī jāy

ra'nā zebā gulāb āy
 shab-boy mānzīposh sōnaposh drāy¹
 kāripātī tā sōmbālan kār grāy
 madāno kati cānī jāy

—(Khwaja Habib)

1. Var. Shab-boyī manza sōnaposh dray.

PART II

34

Spring, the new spring!
 A happy breeze is blowing! Of heartaches
 and sorrows think no more.
 Gather violets and tulips of many hues.
 Spring, the new spring!

The Jasmine says to the White Rose, "I have
 grown pale".

The Red Poppy shows its scar; the *Sonaposh*
 is full of elation;

And see how the Daisy smites us with love: he
 comes and goes and comes and goes again.
 Spring, the new spring!

35

Flowers have blossomed in all their hues,
 Love, where are you?

The rose has come, graceful and lovely.
 The tuberose, the balsam, and the *Sonaposh*
 have bloomed¹,

The larkspur and the hyacinth burst daintily
 into bloom,
 Love, where are you?

1. Var. The *Sonaposh* has shone forth from the odorous night.

āv bahār bolu bulbulo
son vōla barāvo shādī

drāv kaṭhkōsh grōṣa pāñ ~~ehalo~~ / chūlo
zara ṣaṇay vandakī dādi
vuzu nēndare vuni chā sulo

kāv kumri vuchī poshnūlo
āy nālan zan phārī-yādi
bāv vōndakī gamgosa gulo

nāv hiyitan neru sōmbulo
hēth zāmīnas khati āzādi
pyāla hēth chay yēmbārzalo

ṣāv soṇt tay nab gay khulo
būtarāṣ pēth ṣālī phasādi
tekābatane ta yirī-kimī phōlo

nāv tan man trāv zalzalo
drāv shihul poñ kami nāgarādi
khasu Parbat¹ ta vasu Tūlmulo¹.

—Prakash Ram

1. Famous shrines of Kashmiri Hindus.

Spring is come, sing thou, O *Bulbul*;
Let us celebrate the advent of spring.

Frost is gone, ^{and the water rills are bubbling with water.} ~~Let us wash our limbs and~~
^{body clean, / the water rills are holding it water)} ~~Let us wash away our winter misery.~~
Get up, get up, is it early still?

See, the *kav*, the *kumri* and the *poshnool*!
Have filled the glens with their wailings;
Come, O Rose, thou too confide in us thy
winter griefs and sorrows.

Show thy delicate form, O Hyacinth, and
spread

Thy message of freedom for the earth:
The Narcissus is holding her cup for thee.

Spring is come and the sky is clear,
Winter's confusion has vanished from the
earth;

Daffodils and meadow-saffron are in bloom.

Let us cleanse our bodies and minds,
Let us cast away all fear—
Again from wondrous springs refreshing waters
flow,
Again may we visit our sacred shrines.

1. The crow, the dove, and the golden oriole.

42

37

yəti pən varshan tātī phal bāvantay
sontay son āv sontirāy

sosan gultūrī yirī-kimī zəntay
vōla kar yēmbərzālī kosman krāv
cila drāv handiposhī kulimī hyōt vantay
sontay son āv sontirāy

38

dēka pēṭha gumā chim mōkhta zan harān
bāl chas karān kosman krāv

Shālamār bihith pyāla chas barān
bo dāla chas nivān yūrī vātēm yār
yāras kiça poshan māla chas karān
bāl chas karān kosman krāv

Ishābār bihith shishā chas barān
bo kesh chas pārān yūrī vātēm yār
yāras kiça poshan māla chas karān
bāl chas karān kosman krāv

—Haba Khotūn

43

37

Wherever the rains come, there grow crops
and fruits in plenty.

Wherever spring comes, thither comes Love,
the lord of spring.

The iris, the lily, and the meadow-saffron
will sprout soon,

Come, O Narcissus, enjoy the bloom¹.

Winter is gone; the dandelion and the
viburnum have blossomed in the woods.

Spring is come, and Love, The lord of spring,
is come too.

38

The sweat of my brow are dropping like pearl;
I am a lovely maiden, gathering violets for
Love.

At Shalimar I am filling wine-cups;
I leap for joy, for my Love will come to me.
I am weaving garlands of flowers for Love.

At Ishabar I am filling goblets of wine;
I am braiding my tresses, for my Love will
come to me.

I am weaving garlands of flowers for him,
A lovely maiden am I, gathering violets
for Love.

1. Lit: gather violets. Kosam=violets or flowers generally.

44

39

pāhāj-kūrī hā braga-tīrī
chāvtay nīrī achiposh

pahāj khāçakhay vöganən bālan
nālan lāgith posh
völl-ve söndäröv röv hay karāvay
çatavay nīrl achiposh

40

sāmI-tave viginēv rōv hay karāvay,
rōv hay karāvay
saṅgarmālan çhāye lo lo,
çhāye lo lo
sōṇasandI zānpānā mōkhaṭavI jālar,
mōkhaṭavI jālar.
sadafavI karāsay pāye lo lo,
pāye lo lo
ora yēli yiyam tay bronthahay neras,
bronthahay neras
satI hēth çonza tay dāye lo lo,
dāye lo lo,

—Mahmūd Gāmi

45

39

Thou Shepherd Lass, O thou Heron Feather,
Disport thyself amongst the meadow *achiposh*.

O Shepherd Lass, how airily thou goest up
the low hills,
With flowers thy collar bedecked!
Come, lovely maids, let us dance and
Gather the meadow *achiposh*.

40

Come, O fairies, let us dance, *let us dance,*
Sheltered from light while yet the peaks
are aglow with rosy dawn, *with rosy dawn.*
I will make for my Love a gold palanquin,
a gold palanquin,
With fringes of pearl and ivory posts, *and*
ivory posts.
And when he arrives, I will come out to meet
him, *I will come out to meet him.*
Accompanied by many friends and maids,
my many friends and maids.

46

41

doh lóg darā ta kas ehakh prārān
chōh dāy bāliye lo lo karān

mārI-mānz dīthmakh ārI-mānzI tarān
asavānI kosam dīthI-may harān
lastam ta āstam nigāhāh karān
chōh dāy bāliye lo lo karān

—Mirza Akmal-ud-Din

42

vantay lūciy kor gaçhakh çirI¹ kuniy zāniye
laṭha pūçe çata mārān çirI kuni zāniye

āriy āriy khaçāyakh āriy āriy vaçhāyakh
akāhatēn dakāmārān çirI kuniy zāniye

Rēshimālyun khaçāyakh grāyi mārān
vaçhāyakh
RāmbI āras tāra tarān çirI kuniy zāniye

1. Var. or=thither.

47

41

The day lingers.

Whom art thou waiting for, O youthful maid,
in thy voluptuous beauty, singing so
merrily?

I see thee lovesick, crossing a rivulet,
O Smiling One, thy smile scattereth voilets
abroad.

May thou be spared long, O sweet maid, and
May I ever find favour in thine eyes!

42

Say, dear lass, whither art thou going so
late, alone?

With thy white *dupatta* wantonly fluttering
in the wind, thou goest so late, alone!

Along the rivulet banks thou goest,
Along the rivulet banks thou returnest,
Brushing past thy lovers cruelly, so late, alone!

To the Festival at Rishimol's thou goest,
and now so coquettishly returnest,
Wading across the Rāmbāra so late, alone!

48

43

✓ vānI dimay ārabalan
yāra kuni melakhnā
(vānI dimay āraṅalan
dubāra yāra melakhnā)
lajI phulay āraṅalan
yāra dīdār hāvakhnā
chiv* lōgum masṅalan
yāra kuni melakhnā

—Haba Khotūn

44

✓ lajI phulay āndāṅalan
çē kanan gōynā myon
lajI phulay kolāṅalan
vōthū nīrēn khasāvo
phōj yosman āndāṅalan
çē kanan gōynā myon

—Haba Khotūn

45

baḥāriy gul phōlI sāriy
bozi hāriy poṣhinūlanI zār
vanāvōth kōstūr dōd ashkānāriy
siyāh kōrun panun pān
balinā bulbulas āshkābemāriy
bozi hāriy poṣhinūlanI zār

* Var. choh.

49

43

In quest of thee I wander about the hill-
streams,
Shall I find thee nowhere, my Love?
(I will search the wild jasmine woods for thee,
Shall I not meet thee once again, my Love?)

The wild yellow rose has bloomed
Wilt thou not show thy face, Love?
'Beauty's fairest paragons' are in their prime,
Shall I find thee nowhere, my Love?

44

The distant meadows are in bloom,
Hast thou not heard my plaint?
Flowers bloom on mountain lakes,
Come, let us to mountain meads;
The lilac blooms in distant woods,
Hast thou not heard my plaint?

45

The spring flowers have all blossomed,
O *Myna*¹, hear the plaint of *Poshinool*²!
*Kostur*³ came down from the happy woods
And was charred with the fire of love;
He turned black—think of that, my Love!
Will the lovesick *Bulbul* not find a cure?
O *Myna*, hear the plaint of *poshinool*!

1. Starling. 2. Golden Oriole. 3. Tickell's Thrush.

50

46

kāvinI p̄arith nimāyo grāvo
hā mati yāvanrāyo ve

bahār āvtay sañz lōg nāvan
Sōna Lāñki vatharay bo
shoka cāni zūlāh zālay raṅganāvan
hā mati yāvanrāyo ve

—Khwaja Habib

47

hā volo mōnI ho vañdayo pādan
ādanbāji myāni yāro ve

ādanā āsas reñzalā nādān
yāvaṇas kaḍar no zāniy mē
ditaṃo darshun cham cāni lādan
ādanbāji myāni yāro ve

kukile p̄arI kava trāvith kōlarādan
dukale vōnda myon gav
mē kale cāne brāntI gāmo nādan
ādanbāji myāni yāro ve

51

46

Like a crow I shall fly to thee with complaints,
O Love, the lord of my youth!

Spring is come and boats are sought;
I shall spread a seat for thee at the Isle of Gold*,
I shall illuminate multi-coloured boats for
thee,

My Love, the lord of my youth!

47

I will lay the very apples of my eyes at
thy feet, O come,
My Love, companion of my youth!

When young I played with trinkets,
Fool that I was,
And did not prize my youth;
But now I pine for thee. Show thyself,
My love, companion of my youth!

Like a kukil-dove thou didst move along
the wandering rills,
And distraction filled my heart;
Beguiled by love, I fancied thou wert
calling me,
My love, companion of my youth!

4. Sona Lenk in Dal Lake.

← a dark red flower of water-rush or reed.

52

Ladarposh

çento laḍarī posh phōlī kōḷarādan
az chum ādan vāṭahamay
dihamay darshun sar vaṇḍay pādan
ādanbāji myāni yāro ve

—Arnimāl

48

mē shoka yāraṣāndi bārī maṣ-pyālata
ālav dītose

tarāvāni maraḡe vaṣāvāni bālata
āhiy nītose
kyāh kara niyinam harāṇāni ḡhālata
ālav dītose

kandā tay nābadā bārī-mas thālata
raṅga raṅga nītose
jod gav āshkan dod kētha ḡālata
ālav dītose

—Arnimāl

49

✓ mē hiyi poshan mālā karēm
cāni lolare
shrōnī-dār sōṇaṣāṇḡa buṅḡari garēm
cāni lolare

53

Think of *Ladarposh* bloom along the rivulet
banks—

This is the time I look for thee.
Wert thou to come and show thyself,
I would lay down my life for thee,
My Love, companion of my youth!

48

For the love of my sweetheart I filled
wine-cups.

Go and call out to him.

Across meadows and down hillsides,
My tender thoughts attend him!
Like a deer he bounded away, ah me!
Go and call out to him.

Dishes of sugar-loaf and candy sweet I filled,
Many and various—pray, offer these to him.
Smitten am I—how can I endure the anguish
of love?

Go and call out to him.

49

Jasmine wreaths I weave
For the love of thee.
I wear gold bangles, jingling sweet,
For the love of thee.

yid āyi gaçakh kôt
kavā gokh gindanas môt
mati rozu damāh roza darēm
cāni lolare

cāni puçhI rāvarēm rāciy
kāçāh gayas āra-kāçay
nūraki vakhtay sūrā parēm
cāni lolare

—Rasul Mir

50

mē kari taskiça poshan mālata
chāvinā hiy

hāvasā bārI-mas madākhāsI vārata
yiyinā karāsay vōri mañz jāy
darshanaḥ tahande bāl sandārata
chāvinā hiy
chas myānI dray

—Arnimāl

51

kar vēsI madun yiyi mē sāla
poshan taskiça kari mē māla
yāvun osum pūrkamāla
mas cath masachiv rātnas nāla

The 'Id is come, where wilt thou go?
Prithee, why so fond of play?
Love, stay awhile, I kept the fasts
For the love of thee.

For thee I waited many nights,
And how I pined away!
At the rosy dawn prayers I said
For the love of thee.

50

I weave garlands of flowers for him—
Will he not disport himself 'mid jasmine?

For Love I filled wine cups to the brim,
O were he to come!
In my bosom I would place him;
And my love-lorn youth would be happy
again.

Will he not disport himself 'mid jasmine—
For my sake?

51

Dear friend, when will Love accept my
invitation?
I have woven garlands of flowers for him.
I was in the very prime of youth
When, drunk with wine, my Love caught
me in an embrace
(And cast his spell on me).

56

52

rasā vōlay vōlay vōlay sōndārī-ye
masākhāsī hay bārī-may çe

vūth chiy raçaphālī dānd mōkhtāmālay
māsām hōñji kyāh kosam hātī-ye
rasā vōlay vōlay sōndārī-ye

āsmān khāçkhay hāy rāngaçārī-ye
vasākhay pānā kina lāgay vālabārī-ye
rasā vōlay vōlay sōndārī-ye

—Khwāja Habib

53

ho karāyo ho ho karāyo
myāni yāro ho ho karāyo

asāvañi māshokā asi-kun sāthā
rasā vōlā masākī khāsī barāyo
ho karāyo ho ho karāyo

dūre āham nūrānā trāvān
durdānā sōñakanādūr garāyo
ho karāyo ho ho karāyo

—(Aziz Khan)

57

52

Come, O come trippingly, Love,
I have filled goblets brimful for thee.

Thy lips are coral beads,
Thy teeth are rows of pearl,
Dimples scatter violets on thy guileless face.
Come, O come trippingly, Love.

My Titling, thou hast flown to the skies.
Come down or I'll spread birdlime for thee.
Come, O come trippingly, Love.

53

Love, I'll sing thee a lullaby,
I'll sing thee a lullaby.

My winsome Love, come trippingly to me
this once,
I'll fill thee wine-cups,
I'll sing thee a lullaby.

Thou comest trailing splendour from afar,
I'll make thee gold ear-rings, my Pearl,
I'll sing thee a lullaby.

58

54

myāni madan hiyo hiyo
cham cāni lādan

hā yiyo yiyo
darshun diyo diyo
cham cāni lādan

ādaṇa cēysati karyām vāday
vāḍa kavā dōlham piyo piyo
cham cāni lādan.

—Arnimāl.

55

yita yita yāro yito
hita drāyas gari ta vāy
hiy phōlyā bēyi yito
dēva bāl darā ta vāy
mārī-māndi myāni zār bozto
kāli gaṇṇa barā ta vāy

—Jum Navhatta

56

kar lagan cāni kadam sāni āṅgan
sheri hēmāyo vōlo
bo drāyas dardā cāne
parda cātiḥ bēyi yitāmo vōlo
bo do Hīmāl āsṣa
bāl māṇṣa poshi tulay ho vōlo

—(Arnimāl ?)

59

54

My Love, my Jasmine, my Jasmine,
I long for thee.

Come, O come,
And show thyself;
I long for thee.

I plighted, when young, my troth to thee,
Why didst break thy troth, O sweet, O dear?
I long for thee.

55

Come Love, pray come,
I left my home for thee.
Will jasmine bloom again? O come,
I may yet live.
Loved One, hear my plaint:
Time soon will wither me, alas!

56

When will thy feet touch my courtyard?
I would place them on my head, O come!
For love, I left my home and hearth
And tore the veil, O come!
I was a famous beauty once, and now,
I have faded¹ in my teens. O come!

1. Lit. I am reduced to the weight of a flower.

60

57

kar rāṅgim karvātēm
sāri sāmāṇa vōlo
shar kāstam sar bo vanday
cēy rōst dēn kāhī baray
dūrēr con no zaray

—Haba Khātūn

58

mē kārī-mas poshan dastay
kar yiyam bāli bālayār
dādi tahande dil gom khastāy
kar hāvēm bāli dīdār

ruṭhī-mātis tas yārāsāy
vānī-tose myānī vilāzār
yiyi natay myānī dray chasay
karāhsay sar nisār

bumbākamāni cilā kyāh chuśay
tir lāynam beshumār
sināsipar dāryāmasay
kōrnamay bāli shikār.

—Haba Khātūn

61

57

I dyed my hands in henna—
When will he come?
It's Love should come to me, bedecked.
Come, still my craving,
I am dying for thee:
Without thee how shall I fill my days?
I cannot endure separation from thee.

58

I have made posies on posies for him,
When will the Loved One come to me?
Pining for him I have broken my heart,
When will the Loved One come to me?

Convey my wailings to my Love,
And, pray, let him be reconciled;
Should he tarry, conjure him in my name:
I would lay down my life for him.

How tensely drawn are his eyebrows!
Many a missile he shot at me.
I bared my bosom for a shield
And now a stricken victim lie.

62

59

dāmāna bōdum ashi mati
kāmāni prārān dōh gom
sāmāna gāndith āyēs
yūr kyāh cē lōguy nashi mati
pāman lājthas kyāh kara
kāmāni prārān dōh gom

—(Arnimāl ?)

60

kāṣarāṅ kōrtham hāvu didāro
yāro lol ho ām conuy
chāndān lūsas gāma-shahāro
dechām sāriy cēy hyuh na hānh
tani tōph lāytham guli-bōmbūro
yāro lol ho ām conuy.

61

cāni bartal rāvēm rāçay
āvāz vāçay no
khāsi vōzāl barga chāçay
chas sōrgac yēmbāzāl
kāli melav kayāmāçay
āvāz vāçay no
vanāhā yac āshkāni brāñçay
kan thāvto Mahmūdas
kaman sūrtan gāçhān mēçay
āvāz vāçay no

—Mahmūd Gāmi

63

59

The hem of my robe is drenched with
tears, Love;
Waiting and yearning, my days drag.
I came bedecked;
Prithee, why so proud, Love?
I have become an object of taunts, ah me!
Waiting and yearning, my days drag.

60

Thou hast turned me black as the raven,
Come, and show thyself to me.
Love, I yearn for thee.
Weary I grew, looking for thee 'mid country
and town.
I have found none like thee.
Thou hast stung me, O Wasp-bee;
O come, I yearn for thee.

61

At thy door I waited for nights on nights,
Did you not hear me wail?
With bells red and petals pale
I am a divine narcissus (waiting for thee);
It's a long long time to the Judgement-day.
I would sing many a song for love,
Pray, lend thy ears to Mahmūd—
What lovely forms must turn to dust!
Did you not hear me wail?

64

62

gān gān mo kar hā yāndaro
kanarēn phālilay malayo
rabi tala kār tulu hā sōmbulo
yēmbārzal pyāla hēth prārān chay
hiyithār chastay dubārā phōlāyo

—Arnimāl

63

āchī mē losam dārēta-bārī-ye
sōndārī-ye son yikhnā
shēchi sozāhay maṇza chim ṭharī-ye
sōndārī-ye son yikhnā

zālī-panjirac hāy raṅgācārī-ye
ālī lañjinay yerakhnā
kāli panjāray rozan ṭharī-ye...

nāza camaṇac tāza babārī-ye
sāza vōdi haṅga loguthnā
rashk con niv mushk ambārī-ye...

khasavānī hāy poshethārī-ye
asavun kyāh con rōkhsār
dūrī sagawānī tūrī mā bārī-ye...

—Makbūl Shāh.

65

62

Do not murmur and grumble, O Spinning-wheel,
Thy straw-rings¹ I shall oil.
Raise thy head from under the earth, O Hyacinth,
Narcissus is looking for thee with cups of wine.
Once faded, will the jasmine bloom again?

63

My eyes are aching: I have been looking
for thee from doors and windows.
Wilt thou not come to me, Love?
For the obstacles in my way messages of
love cannot reach thee,
Wilt thou not come to me, Love?
O thou pretty cage-ling,
Wilt thou not build thy nest on the bough
outside?
Death soon will empty all the cages.
O thou fresh basil of the garden of love,
O thou envy of fragrant ambergris,
Dost thou need to adorn thy brow?
O thou flowering creeper,
Thy face happy smiles doth wear,
Thy breasts are brimful with love.

1. Rings made of straw in which the spindle is fixed.

66

64

yi chu duniyā navikhōta nov-ye lo lo
 kari bāliye yāvanas rov-ye lo lo
 yāradāde kyāh banyāv pāmpūras
 shamahas path devāna gov-ye lo lo...¹
 yāradāde kyāh banyāv bōmbūras
 yēmbārzali path devāna gov-ye lo lo...
 yāradāde kyāh banyāv Bombūras
 Lolare path devāna gov-ye lo lo...
 yāradāde kyāh banyāv Nāgī-rāyas
 Hīmāli path devāna gov-ye lo lo...

65

asimay rosh hāriye
 āsī hay lolan māriye

kyāh banyāv Pharhādas
 Shīrīni path devāna gav
 tāml ti saṅgalāth vāliye
 asimay rosh hāriye

kyāh banyāv Majnūnas
 Lāli path devāna gav
 tas no būz māji māliye
 asimay rosh hāriye

1. The refrain, *kari bāliye yāvanas rov-ye lo lo*, is repeated as indicated here.

67

64

This world is new, for ever and ever new,
 O maiden dear, weave thy youth in a wreath
 of dance.

For love the moth has to suffer
 When he goes mad after the candle-flame.

For love the bee has to suffer
 When it goes mad after the narcissus.

For love Bōmbur* had to suffer

When it went mad after Lolari*.

For love Nāgrāy* had to suffer

When he went mad after Hīmāl*.

65

Don't be cross, my Myna dear,
 It's love has smitten me.

For Shīrīn Farhād had to suffer:
 For love he tore down the hill.
 For Laila Majnūn had to suffer:
 Her parents would not relent.

So don't be cross, my Myna dear,
 It's love has smitten me.

*Lovers famous in Kashmiri legend.

parda tālī jalva dyut māshokantay, māsho-
kantay
mē ta tas azalay ās milavantay, ās milavantay
raṣhi ṣaṭī kami sōni asi kōr chēntay, asi
kōr chēntay
rūṭhmut maṇavith vēsī antantay, vēsī antantay
gindānuy dimaṣay kaṇakuy sōntay, kaṇakuy
sōntāy
yina nishi nāshas yina kānh sōntay, yini
kānh sōntay
tas path rovim sor ādantay, sor ādantay
āmī lolaṇūran diṇam santay, diṇam santay
thaph dith mushnam shila vāsantay, shila
vāsantay
āvaṛ tṛ vāvaṛ kār mē vāvantay, kār mē
vāvantay
hārnas hārnas zan pāhī-pantay, zan pāhī-
pantay
dilaṇkuy hāl vōn Makabulantay, Makabulantay
dādev bārī-thay chas hanhaṇṭay, chas hanhan
tay

—Makbul Shāh

Love's splendour shines beneath the veil,
beneath the veil;
We were destined to be one, *we were destined*
to be one;
Some rival has estranged him from me,
estranged him from me;
Reconcile him to me, *O reconcile him to me;*
I'll make him a gift of all my gold, *of all*
my gold;
See that no rival keeps him away, *keeps*
him away;
For Love I pined away my youth, *pined*
away my youth;
That thief of love stole my heart, *stole*
my heart;
At a single blow my heart he snatched,
my heart he snatched;
The gust (of love) blowed me about, *blowed*
me about;
Like the dry leaves in autumn, I fluttered
down, I fluttered down;
Makbul has laid bare his heart, *laid bare*
his heart;
Every limb of his doth smart with love, *doth*
smart with love.

asl' ay lārān lola satiy
lo lati lo
chiy ashkqhādiy satI satiy
lo lati lo

arazāh karahay roz ātiy
boztam ārizo
matā losānāvtakh lūsI-mātiy¹
lo lati lo

āshakh chī vārāh lūsI-mātiy
pemaṭI yēkhso
matā vuzānāvtakh nēndārihātiy
lo lati lo

kokāl zay cānI babāriphātiy
na ta mā shab-bo
kyāh chiy shubān kāriphātiy
lo lati lo

āho cāshI-mav mārI katiy
cāshI-mā cānI jādo
dishith harānav van rātiy
lo lati lo

ath sōmbul bāgas vānI mē ditiy
rāvarim sārI doh
yim āshkqā tōngal pāmI tātiy
lo lati lo.

—Rōsul Mīr

1. Var. yim naz kadam trav sotiy.

We have hastened out of love to thee,
*lo lati lo*¹!
The love-lorn still do follow thee,
lo lati lo!

I would make suit to thee, O stay,
And, pray, hear my suit;
Do not wear out the way-worn, Love²,
lo lati lo!

Thy lovers, weary and worn out,
Have fallen by the way;
Do not wake up the sleep-laden,
lo lati lo!

On either side thy basil locks,
Thy luscious tuberoses
How they become thy lovely back!
lo lati lo

Thy gazelle eyes so many have killed,
Thy magic eyes enthrall,
The deer have fled to woods for shame.
lo lati lo

I scanned thy hyacinth garden well,
Spending days together,
The flame of love was lighted in me,
lo lati lo.

1. Lit. O my beloved, O!

2. Var. Walk thy gentle paces slowly.

72

68

moy con chu sōmbul
 hovuth kaman kaman
 trovuth çe parayshan
 bulbul mā saman saman
 nāzaki khañjara sātī
 āshakh mārith kaṭī
 suy khūn ça mālith drākh naman naman
 bīnī du bādām vasl-i shākh bumban bumban
 nargis chē pur-mas bārī bārī lolā caman caman

69

āv bulbul byūth thari
 dil mē nyūnam sōndari
 nosh kōrnam nēndari
 hosh kōrnam bāmbari
 rāth dōh chas nazari
 dil mē nyūnam sōndari

73

68

Thy tresses are a hyacinth,
 Thou hast displayed them to many, O so many!
 Thou hast untied and loosed¹ them
 Will *bulbuls* not assemble,
 so many, O so many!
 By thy airs and graces²
 Thou hast killed so many, O so many!
 And, thy finger-tips dyed in their blood,
 thou roamest:
 See'st thine almond-eyes and
 bough-like eyebrow arches cusped,
 And thy narcissus face, in full bloom,
 a very garden of love!

69

The *bulbul* sat on a bough,
 He ravished a maiden's heart,
 He robbed me of sleep,
 He scattered away my wits;
 Day and night I look for him.

1. Thus loosed they are a net for lovers.
 2. Lit. By the sword of thy airs and graces.

74

70

tōhi mā dyūthvan su hay
yemI bo dōhay gājnas

tulakatur lógum pōhay
hārañI tāpan gājnas
joyan lājnas dōhay, yemI bo...

path nayēn āsas bōhay
tōtuy votum tabardār
ganēn kōrnam tōhay, yemI bo...

—Haba Khotūn

71

gindani drāyas turI gayas raṣith
dōhdari yāñI lūsith gom

mālinI myāñI arbāb āsI
tavay pyom Haba Khotan nāv
aṭI māñzi drāyas baṛka kāsI kāsI
sor ālam ṣasith āv
vanākI taparēshI tapā āy vāṣith
dohdari yāñI lūsith gom

—Haba Khotūn

75

70

Did you not see him
Who smites me with love?

He exposed me to the frost of *Poh*¹,
He melted me in the hot sun of *Har*²,
He still makes me wander, like a running
brook, in quest of him.

I lived apart, a pine in the back-woods,
Thither my Woodcutter came
and found me out,
And felled me, and burnt the logs to ashes.

71

I left my home for play but returned not
When the day sank in the west.

I came of noble parentage
And made a name as Haba Khātūn.
I passed through crowds drawing tight my
veil,

But people flocked to see me,
And ascetics hurried out of woods;
When the day sank in the west.

76

72

lasa kami hāvasay
su nay chu hēvān
nāv tay nasay

ōrfa chū ālāmasay
yīd chē āshākasay
yāras rōst yīd kōsay

āndarī āndarī zājnasay
tōndras lājnasay
māzas gom basābasay

shīn zan gājnasay
āran vājnasay
joyan lājnasay

73

vēsiye gaçhtay astay astay
dastay karāsay poshenay
dārāyi tāryom taskyut mastay
su chumay pherān goshenay
su kavay rūdum goshenay
tas kati lōgmay paruḍ mastay
(yiyi nata gaçhasay hiy-zan khastay)

—Haba Khotūn

77

72

What hope can keep me alive?
He doth not ever think of me.

The world observes Ramadan¹,
The lover celebrates the 'Id;
But there can be no 'Id when Love is away.

Love has consumed me from within,
He has cast me into a hot oven,
And is burning me to cinder.

Love has melted me like the snow,
He has fretted me like the hill-stream,
And has made me restless like the rills.

73

Go gently and call him, friend,
I've made posies of flowers for him.
Over passes² high I carried him wine,
But he is roaming 'mid sylvan glades.
O why is he roaming in the distant glades?
O where is he drunk with my rival's wine?
(Should he not come, like jasmine I'll fade;
Go gently and call him, friend.)

1. Lit. Urfa, the last day of the fasts, when the 'Id is anxiously awaited on the following day.

2. Lit. up Dara, at the foot of Mt. Mahadev.

78

74

yēs mē kōrmay dil havālay
gaçhta vēsI yūrI antane
māṛamōt antan savālay
vāṛa lāgas tān tane
sar bo karas pāyimāl
gaçhta vēsI yūrI antane

75

çanānI-poshi raṅga hay dithmas tan
ça nōn no vānI-ze bozi ālam

doha əki tas ta mē mejāyi tan
hā amob thāvnam sōy lādan
āvyul mā sanyos myon hiye badan

ārifav tā aṣṣhakav racāy van
māni būz MansūrI nāṛa dāzas tān
"analhaq" pōr tāml maṇz mārakan

—Khwaja Habib

79

74

Whom I have entrusted with my heart,
Go friend, and bring him back to me.
I would press my body close to his,
I would lay my head at his feet;
Go friend, and bring him back to me.

75

I have seen his body :
It is the colour of peach-bloom!
Pray, let no one come to know of it.

Once his body and mine closed in an embrace—
O it is that has filled me with longings
keen!
Did my jasmine body press too hard and
hurt him?

For love many devotees and lovers re-
nounced the world
And betook themselves to woods;
Mansūr alone realized love's true meaning.
His body was set aflame;
"I am the truth," said he openly,
He cared not for what people would say.

80

76

nata kânsi nay zarâvi âshkanî nârâtâtî
hâ lâtiy çâ châvtay nêndârihâtiy posh

"analhaq" paryâv Mansûr mâti
gâphilav mâni bûzith zonus nâ kenh
tâmî dârapêthâ hyôtun yâr panun sâti-sâti

77

yêli chum yâvun çêtas pëvân
têli cham yivân devânâgî
âshakh bômbur vyûr hêvân
phîrî-phîrî camânan vôn divân
yêli par dukanas chu vâsith pëvân....

78

bani yês kenh ârâm na tas
mê chu pëvân kyâhtâm çêtas

lola kartâji chôkh yês yiye
âbi hayâth tas no vaye
dor-davâ didâr chu tas

yêna tas yarâ-sânz kal gayam
nâli lolâç hânkal gayam
tanâ chas bâl mâsibatâs

81

76

Who ever did endure the burns of love?
O maiden, enjoy flowers while yet they are
waking into bloom.

"I and my Love are one," said Mansûr.
People heard him but did not understand;
From the gallows he clung fast to his love
And proved his faith.

77

When I remember the days of youth,
I feel like mad.
How true a lover is the bee!
It sucks honey and knows no satiety:
It seeks out flowers in gardens,
again and again,
Till its wings fail and it falls down dead.

78

Whoever is in love, will know no peace:
I feel a tugging at my heart.

Whoever is wounded with the darts of love,
Ambrosia is no balm for him;
His only balm is a sight of Love.

Ever since I have been in love
I am a captive, bound hand and foot;
I feel the misery of it,
Even in the innocence of my youth.

Hasānas lola-tabas davā
keñh-na vaṣaḷaki mas-pyāla sivā
hā sāḱayā dāmā ditā

—Gulām Hasan Ganāyi

loytham āshkun dāma
dilārāma dilbaro
mijitir cāni yēli āma
vanto kāhi sandaro
mañdinēn kōrtham shāma...

hiyitani pēyem hāma
gan gan cāni bōmburo
tōph mo lāy siyāphāma....

—Akbar Baṭh

dil tāri kōrtham dilbaray
vanto ḱe bēn dēn kāhi baray

bāgas phōlmo ambaray
chāvani vājām bōmburay
gām sārī poshan ambaray—

barbuka chas gāmaḱ baray
astam baray māray baray
yina cāni shādī kāḱāh baray—

The poet is suffering from the fever of love,
There's no cure save '(the wine of)
Love's embrace;
O *Saki*¹, let me have a draught (of the wine).

Thou hast caught me in the noose, Love
Thou art my only solace.

Thou throwest thine eyelashes at me,
How can I bear the agony, Love?
Thou hast turned my noonday into dusk.

A blight has befallen my jasmine body.
Since thou hast gone away, humming by;
O Wasp-bee, thou hast stung me too pitilessly.

Thou hast filled me with a yearning, Love,
Without thee how shall I fill my days?

My garden is in full bloom,
Wafting its rich fragrance abroad.
I invited my Bee to enjoy the bloom,
He did not come, and
The flowers lie in an idle heap.

I am in my very prime,
Voluptuous and ripe for love.
O come, for thee a lambkin I'll kill;
O the joy that will be mine when thou wilt come!

1. Cup-bearer, *balavad*.

84

81

roshi völa posh ho bo lägay
gosh thävtam vanayo bo zäri

yëmbarzal chas' khumära barith
sharmi sätI kâr bönkun thävith
harnä gayi dar jaṅgal mārith
māri āsI² cāni cashe-khumāri

* * * *

yār gomay PāmpārI vate
kōṅga poshav rōt nālamate
su chu tate bo chas yēte
Barsāhibo karāna' bo zāri

Mohmūd Gāmi

82

lāj phulay bādaman
yār kaman gom mōtuy
roshi kārīmas poshi caman
dēva yiyām pōtuy
hāy pēyam yëmbarzalan
yār kaman gom mōtuy...

Var. 1. chey 2. tim 3. bortam

85

81

Come Love, heed my wailings,
I adore thee.

I am a narcissus, in full bloom,
For modesty I cannot tell my love.
Like a gazelle I roamed the wilds,
Till thy wanton eyes enthralled my heart.

* * * *

My Love took the road to Pampore, where
Saffron flowers locked him in their embrace.
He is there, and ah me! I am here—
Have I not cause to lament, my God?

82

Almond blossom is everywhere,
But where's my Love?
On whom has he set his heart?
I laid flower-beds for Love,
I hoped he would come back to me;
But he did not come and
My daffodils withered away.
Where's my Love
When almond trees are in bloom?

86

83

Lāj phulay kohādāmaṇay
bādām drāy nāni
grāy kār tāml yāvaṇay
shēchi vaninam kāvaṇay
kan thāvinā grāvaṇay
bādām drāy nāni

84

bahāra phulayā phōjl sabazāran
kava zāna yāran tār kyāh gāyi
sōnan jāy rāt andmazāran
tātī-bōna yāran nēndār pēyi
tim chi tati āsl yēti chi prāran ...

85

tas rōs madanas mēti kyāh provuy
nāhākay dil ti myon rovuy-ye
āyina ḍabi myāni dāntuv zoluy
kukilav yūrhas oluy-ye
tas na madanas kānsi tiy bovuy,
nāhākay dil ti myon rovuy-ye

87

83

All hill-sides are in bloom
And almond blossom is everywhere.
I heard a crow whisper to me:
"Thy Love hast fled from thee
When spring is abroad and thou art in
prime."
Have I not pause to grieve,
And should he not heed my plaint
When hill-sides are in bloom
When almond blossom is everywhere?

84

The fields are green again in the spring;
Why should our friends be so late to come?
In far-off graveyards the iris is in bloom,
It is there our friends have gone to sleep.
They are there and, ah me! we are here—
waiting for them.

85

What am I worth now that my Love is
away?
Have I given away my heart in vain?
My (body is a) balcony with glass-panes
and ivory eaves.
Where turtle-doves have woven their nest,
(And filled it with amorous cooing for Love),
But alas! he does not know and keeps away.

88

86

kyah karā rūdum su vanāṇay pherān
sorān chumho āḍanuk sreh
kukilā āsas thari ol yerān
sontaci vuzamali gāndnam reh
zulfake grāyi satl gyūr chum gerān
sorān chumno āḍanuk sreh

(ā'nīmāl)

87

dūri rūdum andūri vantay
vantay vēsī yiyināsan
dūri dōpnām gachavo vantay
çūri rūdum mānz lāsan
mūri nār chum kāhl lalavantay
vantay vēsī yiyināsan

88

vanta kavay dūri rūdum
yānl mē molum çūri cāndun
dōbl-vāṇa cholum ta chōkum
krūth pyom yāṛadod
chala-chōkh nāḥakay rāvam

—Arnimāl

89

86

He keeps away, roaming the woods, ah me!
What can abate the ardour of my youth?
I was a *kukil* weaving my nest on a bough,
unconcerned.

When, in the springtime, lightning lit up
a flame in me,
And the curl of his locks whirled me in
the eddy of love.

What can abate the ardour of my youth?

87

He held aloof, 'mid distant woods,
Say friend, will he not come?
He cried to me, "Let's to the woods";
But he is fled far away¹ from me,
And my bosom is burning with the fire
of love.

Say friend, will he not come?

88

Say friend, why he kept away
When I, a budding maiden, had bathed me
in sandal-oil?
At the wash-house I washed and rinsed
my clothes.

See how pitiless and cruel he was!
He did not come,
And all my washing and rinsing was in
vain.

¹ Lit. to far-off Lhasa.

90

89

völa myāni rindo
çə patə drāyas gindāne
nāvas lagay bo
hāvasa-zuv chas vandāne
vatə chas vuchān
çə patə rāvəm nēndar tə neh
hāvtam didār
bo dūrərə cāni chas galāne.

—Haba Khotūn.

90

gachta hay vesi lola tahande
chamna nēndar tə neh
kāçazūn zan kaji bo gajnas
vuchta tās mā sreh
bāli prachām lolə haki-mas
kyāh chu yelāj mə
torə dōpnam çed çe karani
khūni-jigar çe
yām vuchim zuluf tahandi
shām sapud mə
lani çūran vuna vājim
kuni am na neh

91

hā matay hāri-ye matay
tas yāras patay rāvəm nēndar tə neh
chōkh yāri loynam kartaji khatay
chōkanay yelāj lōbum nə keñh
chas chōkalad lāras yāras patay
tas yāras patay rāvəm nēndar tə neh

91

89

Come, my Hedonist,
I came out to sport with thee.
Thy very name I adore,
I offer my dear life to thee,
I keep gazing at thy path,
I've lost all sleep and rest for thee.
O come,
Thine absence is wasting me.

90

Go to him, my friend,
For Love I have no sleep nor rest.
Like the pale wan moon, I am wasting away.
See, he does not requite my love.
I said to my Love,
"Physician, what's the cure for me?"
"No cure, thou must suffer," he said;
"Thou must suck thy heart's blood".
Since I saw his long black locks
I've been overwhelmed with gloom;
My thoughts are in a whirl,
And I do not find any rest.

91

Come, O come, Myna dear:
I have lost all sleep and rest,
I have found no balm for the wounds of love.
Wounded and stricken am I,
Yet must I pursue my Love,
For I have lost all sleep and rest.

92

92

mati shīnzan galāyo
balāyo cāne yinay
ḥaṇjām sārī jangalāyo
yitā yūrī dēva balāyo
yikhnatay sūrho malāyo
balāyo cāne yinay

93

bā ti no durēr con zaray
bāl marāyo marāyo

chum khafa¹ lāray patā
lāyay bronṭhañālas thaph
dāmāṇa raṭay mahsharay....

sharmaṇḍa thāvthas āphtābo
kārtikāc zūn
kāḷī cāni gājis lājsa daray....

hāriñji bumbā cāni
lāyān rumarumay tīr
vāliñji kāḷī-nam pañjirāy....

1. Khafkhan

93

92

Love, I waste away like melting snow,
I can recover only if thou wilt come.
I have scanned the woods in quest of
thee;
If thou wilt come, I may revive,
Or else, I'll despair and die.

93

I shall die through thy neglect, Love;
I cannot bear separation from thee.

I cannot rest;
I must pursue thee,
I must hold thee fast by the collar of thy robe;
Canst thou escape me at the Judgement-day?

I am the *Katik'* moon,
Thou art my Sun.
Yearning for thee, I have waned;
I wait expectantly for thee.

Thy brows, "bended bows",
Dart arrows every moment at me
And make a lattice of my heart,
Piercing numberless holes in it.

1. October-November, Autumn.

bo sharmi gājis shar mē gomo
kar mē zonum hāy
az kōr mē karmālon saray....

yēth lolābāgas zakhmi dīl gul
sarva chu myon āh
ashivāni sātī joyi phiray....

hēsā vēsarāvthas mārāmatyo
vēsā kamū chay
timā chā myāni khōṭa sōndaray....

—Rasul Mir.

bulbul phirākavāni dyū gulan
antan su madānvār

khumār kyā chus yēmbārzalan
harnan karān shikār
shikāra tahānde jaṅgal alan....

rāh kyā lōdnām mē gāphilan
bozān chum no zār
mārī asī tamī-sandī tagophulan....

subuh āv tay nūr ho phōlan
sārī chī vōmedvār
nazare tahānde bemār balan....

For a long while I realized not
The pain and disgrace of unrequited love;
But now I know fate has overtaken me.

In the garden of love the wounds of my
heart are the flowers,
And my sighs are the cypress,
With tears of mine I shall fill the garden
brooks.

Thou hast benumbed my senses, Love,
Who are thy friends?
And are they lovelier than I?

O lovelorn *bulbul*, scan the flowers,
And bring unto me my Love.

A glance shot from his eyes doth slay the deer,
How wanton are his eyes!
Forests quake, deer shake with fear
When ahunting he goes,
(with darts of love from his wanton eyes).

What has been my offence?
Why doth he not heed my plaint?
His indifference is a death agony to me.

The morn is come,
The rose of dawn is blown; and
All are filled with hope.
My only hope is a kind glance
Shot from his wanton eyes.

96

95

bedarda dādi cāni sūr ho sapadān
sōy lay māṭhāyo myāni yāro lo lo

silāh gañjām ālam ṇaṇjām
gañjām sīṇa-sipāro
har tāri āshkāne mē soz vāyāy
suy soz mōṭhuyo myāni yāro lo lo

Mājnūn khaṇv Nājdake bālo
trāvān ashine ṇālo
Lāl ho āyisay sōrmā ta sāzo
thōd vōthu myāni mahārāzo lo lo

96

āyēs bō nīrith shokā cāne
cārith vuchimay bumay
mē koṇchmay cē lōṇayo
Rumārēshun āy
dāy kāmī dyutāyo
chay nā pherān māy

—Arnimāl.

97

95

O Heartless One,
The fire of thy love is burning me,
And thou hast ceased to requite my love.

I girt on a sword
And a breastplate I donned,
I wandered about the world in search of
thee;

(But thou wert to be found nowhere, Love).
I tuned all my heartstrings for thee
And thou hast turned indifferent to the
tunes of my love.

For La'ila Majnūn climbed the hills of Nejd,
Shedding copious tears:
Thy La'ila has come bedecked herself to
thee.

Arise my Bridegroom,
Come out to meet thy bride.

96

I ran away from home to thee;
Thou didst knit thy brows
And spurn my love.
Who counselled thee to spurn my love?
Still did I pray: "Long mayest thou live!"

98

97

cham lādan laṭi aki yiyinā
haṭikuy vāṇḍasay rath
rāvī ādan pādan pēmosay
laṭi kavā kārnam lath

vanākas vēsiye sōṇa cham gelān
yēṇa yārī trāvnām karānī kath
shēyi yār āsī-tan tūshtanī parāzēn
totī cham vōṇḍasay sath

—Arnimāl

98

as may vēsī myon hyū kas gav
yēs gav masvali gōndur havāy
robākhāṇa bihthay dārī-cas ṭhas gom
zonum osh mā āṅgan cāv
yār nay dyūṭhum vālinji čas gom

99

97

I have a longing keen:
Were he to come but once,
I'd shed my life-blood for him,
I was a flowering creeper,
O why did he trample me under his foot?
Away from him, I fear me,
I'd droop and pine
and age in youth.
I would entreat him to come,
I would fall at his feet,
(I am so held in thrall).
My rivals laugh at me:
Friend, whom can I tell?
He is no longer on speaking terms with me.
Yet long may he live
and give joy to my rivals!
What sustains me is the thought
that he is happy and well.

98

Do not laugh at me, friend.
Who has been so miserable as I?
Drunk with the sensuousness of youth
And in my very prime,
I have been deserted by my Love,
Who is mad on someone else.
Waiting for him in the front parlour,
I heard a tapping at the window-pane,
Methought the loved One had entered my
courtyard;
It was not he, and
My heart within me sank.

100

99

sōṇa cham gelān kuni chum na melān
parzēn sātī chum khelānī

āshkādādi sūr gav parbatā shelan
āshkacūr phōr balāvīrānī
āshkādod hani hani tani chum telan

—Arnimāl

100

zār vantas hā vēsiy
bāli rāh kyāh chumay
ārārost gachith rūdum nishī parzēn
nār gōṇḍanam yēna būzum
nishī parzēn chumay
tanānay vēsi tamidādi chumna pakān an
mē chu tamānā bāli tāhuṇd
nishī yār gōchūmay

—Arnimāl

101

vōd ami kukile dil myon dōduy
hā kāmyū riṇdī būz myon ku kū kū

Lāli tā Majnūnī nardas giṇduy
trovun shash-paṇj pyos dukhāl
Lāli huṇd hāvasā dāvas lōguy

101

99

I find him nowhere
And rivals mock at me—
He is sporting with someone else.
The fire of love burns mountain rocks to
ashes;
The thief of love rifles the brave;
Every limb of mine smarts with the pain
of love.

100

Convey to him my lamentations, friend;
What is my sin?
The Cruel One sports with my rivals;
And envy burns my bosom.
O the pain it gives me!
I cannot eat nor drink.
I deeply yearn for Love;
Would that he were beside me!

101

The *kukil*¹ wailed:
"Out of the fullness of love's agony I sang,
The Reckless One heard my *ku ku ku*²
But did not care."

La'ila and Majnūn played at dice—
She threw six-and-five but scored only a two.
She had staked her heart—and he won.

1. Turtle-dove 2. Coo Coo.

102

vuch t̄a vēsī yār myon çoluy
yār day sēṭhāh mōl̄aluy, chum
racām nāl̄a t̄a vuchnam hōluy

102

hāy lātiy lolan gāymay mūri tay
māti yēst̄a trāvnam pārīzān
taspat̄a āshakh k̄ati gay mātiy
parzēn sātī chum dēn kiho rāth
kāhī zar̄a bo bāl mūḥaniy pām̄ay zōr̄atay
s̄atiy bēyi rūṭh buch̄nas yāriy
yiyinā vōṇdi shar nerēm nā
yim kām̄akī na zi rozān s̄ariy
māti yēst̄a trāvnam pārīzān

103

camākān ōbr̄atal̄a vuzām̄ala zan drāv
āyi grāyi chāyigātī karān zan āv
dōṭhaphōl kitha rūd nabānār barān
gagar̄āyi karān çol zan vāv
nehaçhaṭi anigaṭi mushnas shāman
mē bālī thovnam suy āmatāv

103

See, friend, my Love has fled;
I hold him dear, so dear;
I would embrace him
But he looked askance at me.

102

My heart has dried within me, friend,
Since Love treats me distantly.

Many are his lovers, mad on him;
He sports with them all night and day—
Can I endure envy's slow-consuming fire?

He was angry with me, again, so soon.
O I have been mauled by Love!
Will he not come?
Will my cravings not be stilled?
These loved Ones are never constant in love.

103

He shone forth like lightning from under
the clouds;
He came and went and came and went away.
He came like hail-stone raining down the rage
of the skies,
And he went thundering by as the storm
sweeps.
Amid the "torrent of darkness" he left me,
Young in years, to suffer the agony of love.

104

104

agna gagana gayi gagarāyi
naba maṭṭa nāṇa vuzamala drāyi
antan pi antan pi

āṅgan sāni phōjmaç hi
çatith lāgas sheri
antan pi antan pi

105

rātas osum lava zan lārith
subahas prāvi kētha trāvith gom
babare caman ashi saganāvith
āshimōt kavā pashināvith gom
savāl kārī-tos hiy gaçhi chāvith

106

yāni hūri mē tūri çandun molūmay
tāmat çolūmay yār vēsi
dapyom āgas bo roshi zāgas
lāgas bo sheri hi
vōṇḍakis bāgas poshāh pholūmay
tāmat çolūmay yār vēsi

—Arnimāl

105

104

Fiery thunders burst in the heavens,
And lightnings flashed across the sky;
Go, find me my Love.

My jasmine¹ is in bloom,
I would crown him with a jasmine-wreath;
Go, find me my Love.

105

All night long he was with me
Like dew on a flower;
The sun rose in the morning and he fled.
And since my wanton Love is fled,
Leaving me woe-begone,
I have watered my basil breasts with tears;
Will he not come and
Enjoy my jasmine-body?

106

Hardly had I, a budded houri,
Bathed me in sandal-oil
When Love did flee from me, O friend.
Methought I would lie in wait for my lord
With Jasmine to crown his head—
In the garden of my heart,
A rare flower had bloomed
When Love did flee from me, O friend.

1. Lit. The Jasmine in our courtyard

106

107

arI-ni raṅg gom shrāvaṇI hiye
kar yiye darshun diye

ShamaṣōṇḍarI pāman lājis
āmaṭāvav kotāh gājis
nāmaṭāgāma tas kus niye
kar yiye darshun diye

kaṇḍa nābaḍa āradmutuy
phaṇḍa karith çolum kötuy
khaṇḍa kārI-nam lūkan thiye
kar yiye darshun diye

suli vōthav saṅgarmālan
lāḷa çhāron kohan tā bālan
prārān chas bo taḥanze praye
kar yiye darshun diye.

—Arnimāl

108

ada kar yiyamtay
baraṣay malarēv malarēv
cēyināsan mas cāvināsan mas

kami sōni hāvnaṣ tan
kāli hay vuhuvnam
pēṭh saṅgaran

1. Var. ziye

107

107

I was a full-blown Jasmine; pining
For Love I turned as pale as the *arni* rose;
When will my Love come to me?

He exposed me to people's taunts,
He scorched me with the burns of love;
Who can tell him what I feel?
And will he come to me?

I offered him sugar-loaf and candy sweet,
He enticed my heart and fled.
O wither is he gone?
In the presence of strangers he mocked at me,
And will he come to me?

Let's arise while it is early dawn,
And seek my Love
On hills and mountains high;
I wait expectantly for him,
When will he come to me?

108

When will my Love come to me?
I will fill pitcher on pitcher with wine:
Will he not drink to me?
Will he not let me drink to him?

Up on the hill-side, the other day,
He spoke harsh words to me—
On whom has he set his eyes?
Whose beauty has bewitched his heart?

108

hali chus khañjar tay
tīr hay lāynam
poshi pañjiran

109

padmāni adā kar yiyam tay
vadaṇas chum na chēn
ōsh chas trāvān çāle çāle
mashi kar cham trahan
lashi nārā zājnas
myūlum ōsh tā an.

—Arnimāl

110

hā chālā vēsī bo ti nay çālay
hālay halay ānī-ton yār
lolaki bāzārā niyīnam dālay
masachiv yār myon yūrl ānī-ton
ōlfata vājnas zulfata khālay
hālay hālay ānī-ton yār

109

He has shot countless darts of love
at my frail flowery breasts;
Will he not come to me?

109

A *Padmani*¹ am I, yearning for Love.
When will he come to me?
My tears flow fast,
My longing is keen,
My anguish is deep;
And can I ever forget?
My love is a torch-wood flame
burning my inmost bosom
with its fiery leaping tongues.
My sorrow knows no end,
My tears know no break.

110

I will not endure his wantonnesses now,
Friend, bring him soon to me.
From the bazaar of love he fled,
(amid the crowded joys of love),
drunk with the sensuousness of youth
and heedless in his pride.
Love caught me in the meshes of his locks
and moles,
Friend, bring him soon to me.

1, A woman excelling in charms and character.

110

111

ruma ruma lātiy kava chum mārāni
karinā son pāy āyēs nīrith bo
nehagaṭi ṇolmay Sēṇḍavāva trāvith
tiy kas nishi hēka bāvith bo

gari bāl drāyēs sāmāṇa prāvith
kāmanī prārān lustum doh
pāman lājnas gom tambālāvith
tiy kas nishi hēka bāvith bo

—Arnimāl

112

dil hay nyūnam dyūṭhvan nāye
shilā day mushnas rūd kath shāye
gil zālā lāgith ṇolmay hāye
parzēv kamavtānī dyut-has dāye
shāch myānī vānī-tos yor pheri nāye
dil hay nyūnam dyūṭhvan nāye

111

111

Friend, why does he want to kill me by inches?
Why does he not feel concerned for me?—
Counting no cost I left my home for him.
In the black gloom of night he was gone,
leaving me alone to brave the wintry
winds of the Sindh!
Whom can I bear to tell what has befallen me?

I left my home for him,
bedecked and full of charms,
And, full of yearning,
I waited for him the livelong day;
But he had enticed my heart and was gone,
leaving me alone to bear people's taunts.
Whom can I bear to tell what has befallen me?

112

Have you not seen him
Who stole my heart?
He has robbed me of my heart—
Oh, where is he gone?
Like a tern he caught me in his net—
And he is gone, ah me!
Who has poisoned his ears against me?
Will you not tell him how miserable I am
and make him come back to me?

1. A tributary of the Jhelum flowing through snowy mountains.

112

113

haçi lōminam nēndari haçi maçi
maçi maçaḥaband s̄anith gom
sōn nyūnam raçi raçi
vunyūb kārith gom
vanta vēsī vōnī kus kas paçi

—(Arnimāl)

114

yār day lātiye ḥāṇḍon kate
bo mate taḥande gari drāyaso
trāvith ḥolamay mē maṇz vate
vuch ta vēsī tas yārasuṇduy khōy
yār nay deshan pān, māra bote

115

vēsī paḥ nay taḥandēn kolan
lolan muhī-tay phirī-to-ne
yēth bavaśaraśay keṇh nay tolan
yāni phōlī tharēn gul tānī baragay
sōndar mā galan ta gōndar mā ḍolan
lolan muhī-tay phirī-to-ne

—Arnimāl

113

113

He pulled me by the wrist in my sleep,
And my bracelet pierced my arm.
He robbed me of all my gold
And left me, distraught and wild.
Say friend, whom can one trust?

114

Where shall we seek my Love, friend?
I left my home and hearth for him.
He has deserted me
ere half my life's journey is done;
See friend, how faithless he is!
If I do not find him, shall I not slay myself?

115

Friend, give no credit to his vows;
He ravished my heart and fled.
O can you win him back to me?
What endures in this fleeting world of ours?
As soon as flowers blossom, they fade away.
If lovely maidens died,
Who would care for handsome youths?

114

116

gāh sapadān trām ta gāh sapadān löy
be-kolan satI thāvI-zina khöy
patā patā karyāmas yāuI mẽ chótum möy
hatağor yār myon kath gare gav
shām chus zuluph tay subah yarasuñduy rōy
be-kolan satI thāvI-zina khöy

117

sañzaraçh mañzvati trāvnas shāman
khāman satI no thāvI-zina khöy
barbuka āyēs cākh dimā jāman
guli-andāman khōtnam rōy
kyāh karā lājnas lolācan ta pāman

—Arnimāl

118

vuchta vēsI kahañde bo zāyēs
bāgañi āyēs kahañde tām
doha aki mālI-māji nağra harshāyēs
shāharāc āsas vāças gām
sati dohI phīrith mālīnēv anyāyēs
bāgañi āyēs kahañde tām

115

116

Now they become copper,
Now they become bronze;
Have nothing to do with those who break
their vows.
I followed him till my hair turned grey:
Which home has he chosen for the nonce—
This Visitor of a hundred homes,
This Inconstant Love?
His locks have the darkness of evening,
His face has the morning light.

117

On the wayside, at dusk, he left me forlorn,
Have nothing to do with the light of love.
My heart is bursting, my garments I'll rend,
My Rose has hid his face from me.
Ah me! I am become an object of taunts
and scorn.

118

See friend, where I was born
and where I was married!
My parents celebrated my marriage
in the city with great eclat;
City-born and bred,
into the country I was married; but
widowed only seven days after,
my parents had to call me back.
See friend, where I was married!

doha aki shreḥasān' mālyun gayāyēs
 dekaḇaji kākāni diḇnam pām
 dēkaṛaḇ zēvunuy koṇa mōyāyēs
 bāgaṇi āyēs kaḇaṇde tām

kyā vanāyo mati kyā vanāyo
 yī gom pānas ta tī vanāyo
 lānyun nyāy chum ta tī vanāyo
 kyā vanāyo mati kyā vanāyo

bāgas myānis bādām phulayā
 ādaṇa rāvaṣ ta tī vanāyo
 kyā vanāyo mati kyā vanāyo

bāgas myānis ḇera phulayā
 veri cāni phōjma ta tī vanāyo...
 bāgas myānis gilāṣa phulayā
 dilāṣa diṭlithama ta tī vanāyo...
 bāgas myānis taṇḇa phulayā
 laṇḇa laṇḇa phōjṣa ta tī vanāyo...

تاهیات

Once I went to my father's home,
 There my brother's wife' taunted me
 so bitinglly that
 widowed as I was, I wished
 I had died as soon as I was born.
 See friend, where I was married!

Can I tell thee, Love, can I?
 Can I tell thee what I suffer?
 I suffer the "abysmal anguish" of Fate¹;
 Can I find utterance for my grief?
Can I tell thee, Love, can I?

In the garden (of my heart)
 Hardly had the almond-tree (of love)
 blossomed out
 When Death "parted me from Love's caress,"
 And the blossom of love was lost for ever.
Can I tell thee, Love, can I?

In the garden (of my heart)—
 Did the apricot-tree (of love) blossom out
 tended and watered by thee?
 Did the cherry (of love) blossom out
 fondly caressed by thee?
 Did the pear-tree (of love) blossom out
 in flambeaux of bloom?
Can I tell thee, Love, can I?

1. Lit. wife of a rich and fortunate brother.

2. Lit. I have a quarrel with my fate!
 I am enmeshed in the tangled web of fate.

118

bāgas myānis ālica phulaya
lolāci karitham t̥a t̥i vanāyo
kyā vanāyo mati kyā vanāyo

119

In the garden (of my heart)
The plum (of love) was in the flush of bloom
When Fate mocked at me,
(And thou wast gone for ever).
And a blight befell the bloom of love.
Can I tell thee, Love, can I?

120

PART III

120*

vóthu' hā bāgvāno
 nav bahāruk shān paidā kar
 phōlan gul gath karan bulbul
 tithuy sāmān paidā kar
 caman vairān rivān shabnam
 çatith jāma paraishān gul
 gulan tay bulbulan andar
 dubārah jān paidā kar
 karī kus bulbulā āzād
 pañjiras mañz çā nālān chukh
 çā panāne dastā panānen
 mushkilañ āsān paidā kar
 chi bāgas jānāwar bolān
 magar āvāz chakh byōn byōn
 tihindis ālavas yā Rab
 asar yēkhsān paidā kar
 agar-vuzānāvahan bāsti gulan hānz
 trāv zīr-o bam
 bunyul kar vāv kar gagarāy kar
 tūphān paidā kar

—Ghulam Ahmad Mahjūr

*A gazal 1. Var, volo=come

121

PART III

120

Arise, O Gardener!
 Let there be a glory in the garden
 once again!
 Let roses bloom again!
 Let *bulbuls* sing of their love again!
 The garden in ruins,
 the dew in tears,
 the rose in tattered leaf—
 Let roses and *bulbuls* be kindled anew with life!
 Thy wailings avail thee not, O *bulbul*,
 Who will set thee free?
 Thy salvation thou hast to work
 with thine own hands alone.
 Birds of the garden are full of song
 but each one strikes his own note—
 Harmonize their diverse notes, O God,
 into one rousing song!
 If thou wouldst rouse this habitat of roses,
 leave toying with kettle-drums;
 Let there be thunder, storm and tempest,
 yea, an earthquake!

122

121

bulbul vanan chu poshan
gulshan vatan chu sonuy

yēth sāni raṅga vāre
phōll posh vāri vāre
khōsh-bo tihānz çöpāre....

lājmaç phulay chē poshan
bāgan vanan ta goshan
bulbul vuchit chi toshan....

virI-kimI ta tekābatane
suli āy jāy raṭane
lāgi tūri jāma çatane...

sōmbul vanān bunaphshas
rūzith çā çhāyi chukh kas
van trāv bāg kun vas....

nāgan kōlan ta āran
joyan ta ābshāran
dyut soz navbahāran....

bāgan kohan ta bālan
nāran nayan ta nālan
kam raṅg gul chi khālan....

andI andI saphed saṅgar
devār saṅg-i-marmar
mañz bāg sabz gavhar...

123

121

The *Bulbul* sings to the flower:
"Our country is a garden."

In this our lovely garden
Flowers bloom and bloom,
Wafting abroad their fragrance.

See the flush of bloom
In orchards, woods and glades:
The *Bulbul* gazes fondly
And has his thrill of joy.

*Virkim*¹ and *tekābatane*²
Have early come to bloom,
And buds are bursting everywhere.

The hyacinth says to the violet:
"Why dost thou hide thyself?
Leave the wooded highlands,
Come down to the fields below."

The spring has filled with symphony
Fountains and brooks and hill-streams,
Rills and waterfalls.

To fields, hills and open wolds,
To hollows, glens and meads—
What glow imparts the bloom!

On all sides pinnacles of snow
Like marble ramparts stand
Around a green emerald.

1. A sweet-smelling yellow flower which appears in early spring and is found on the high plateau of the valley—colchicum.

2. a kind of marjoram.

bulbul karān gulan gath
bōmbur yēmbarzalan path
kāshirī chi mast mascath....

Mahjūrā des sonuy
bāgāh chu nuṇḍābonuy
ath lol gaḥi baronuy

—Ghulam Ahmad Mahjūr

122*

poshivana bāgac poshagōndārī-ye
grāsl-kūrī nāznīn sōndārī-ye
sōrgaḥ Himāl Kāfāc pārī-ye....

āzād vanāci poshethārī-ye
maṣhka-satī tūrī kāmī bārī-ye
sathraṅg bakshī kāmī rangārī-ye....

syōdsāda jāma chuy shāmaṣōndārī-ye
na zi chuy goṭa nay zarī-ye
kāḥa-zūnī zan chiy kāḥa-ōbrakī thārī-ye....

vanāvānī drāyakh pēth thazarī-ye
viginēv shābāsh kārī-ye
caṅgāsāz vāyān chakhay didārī-ye....

ḥe tā khōji-bāyan chā barābārī-ye
ḥe gulan satī dilbārī-ye
khōji-bāyi trōṇarīth dārēṭabārī-ye...

*The poem has been published in the original under the title,
A Country Lass.

The *Bulbul* dotes on roses,
On narcissus the bee,
Drunk with the joy of his nativeland
Is the Kashmiri.

Our nativeland, O Mahjūr,
Is verily a lovely garden.
We must love it dearly,
We all must love it dearly.

122

Thou Bouquet of meadow flowers,
O country lass, O sweet, O dear!
Thou Himāl¹ of Heaven, thou fairy from Kāf²!
Thou flowering creeper of the open wolds,
Who has filled thy buds with fragrance keen?
Who has given thee thy colours divine?

Thy clothes are plain, O lovely lass,
They have no lace nor frill of gold.
Thy wayward locks of hair are like
Black clouds that veil the *Katik*³ moon.
Singing thou roamest the uplands above,
And fairies thee applaud:
Like the *didar* lark thou singest.

Can *Khoja*⁴ women match thee?
Thou roamest free among flowers:
Khoja women lie confined indoors.

1. Famous for her beauty in Kashmiri legend. 2. Caucasus.
3. October-November. 4. Muslim ladies of the upper classes.

hayihāki ābā chay cashmā bārī-bārī-ye
gāstāc chay dilāvārī-ye
sharmi cāni hūrāv tārīph kārī-ye...

dajī pēth vuchmakh thōd lādith nārī-ye
lo lo karān lo-lārī-ye
nari mā losay cūr kārī-kārī-ye...

gumā-haça shūban bumā-vañjārī-ye
chē karān gārath garī-ye
hēsi mā rāvay mas-malārī-ye...

bulhavas may lāg gul-pākārī-ye
āluch yuth nay āvārī-ye
cikācāv panunuy yinā rāvārī-ye

—Ghulam Ahmad Mahjūr

*123

kar ça phōlaham tā lo gulābo lo
shar mē çalihēm tā lo gulābo lo
vārī husnāci nav bahāras mañz
kar ça phōlaham tā lo gulābo lo
thari bāgas lolākēn camānan
maṣhk malāham tā lo gulābo lo
guli lālas nazākī sāzā
dāg çalihēm tā lo gulābo lo

*Chronologically it belongs to an earlier time.

Thy looks bespeak modesty;
Thy honour gives thee unfailing strength;
Thy bashfulness wins thee fairies' applause.

I see thee, thy sleeves rolled up,
weeding the cornfield¹, and
singing amorously.

Thy brows bejewelled with beads of sweat,
Bewitch our hearts;
Thou Pitcher of Wine, I fear me,
Thou scatterest my wits away.

Be fast in faith, O lovely Rose,
Let not langour or pride of charms
Come in thy way of enjoying youth.

123

When wilt thou bloom, O Rose?
When wilt thou fulfil my heart's desire?
When wilt thou bloom, O Rose,
In the garden of my beauty
at the flowering time of youth?
When wilt thou waft thy fragrant breath
over the flower-beds of my desire?
In the red poppy of my heart,
there is a dark stain of despair:
When wilt thou wipe the stain
from the red poppy of my heart?

1. Lit. Art thou not tired with weeding the fields?

āshkapecān nāzanīn sarvas
pān valāham tā lo gulābo lo
yēth iismas tā ruḥaṣay yēkhsān
titha ralaḥam tā lo gulābo lo

—Asad Ullah Mir

çē begānā loguth bo devānā conuy
çē parvā na myonuy bo parvānā conuy
ça phōrmān kartam bo phōrmān conuy
phiraynā bo zāh-ti jānānā conuy
kāram āshkanis maikadas maigusārī
ba-gardish vuchum cāshmi-paimānā conuy
muçar kuñz kulfan ça karu vāshā zulfan
yih sad-cāk dil myon chiyo shānā conuy
ça chukh pākḥ bātin Rasā-jāvidānī
chalan ahl-i zāhir chi dāmānā conuy

—Abdul Qudūs Rasā-javidānī.

I am a cypress, tall and lean:
O Rose, when wilt thou twine round me
thine ivy bonds of love?
My body craves for thee and
so doth my soul:
I would, O Rose, thou didst make
thy body and soul one with mine!

I love thee dearly: thou disregardest me.
I flee' to thee: thou flee'st from me.
What wouldst thou? Command, I will obey;
Thy bidding I will do.
I drank my fill at the tavern of love:
I found thy wanton eyes bedew the cups
of wine.
Unplait thy tresses lovely;
Rent into a hundred toothed rents
(by the keen darts of love),
My heart will serve thee for a comb.
Thy heart is pure, O poet,
What carest thou if they speak ill of thee?

1. Lit. as a moth doth to the candle-flame.

130

125*

bāli çā vanta dilbaras
vāda panun vōfa kare
trāvi malāla hāvi rōy
thāvi kadam kathā kare

vasma kārith khanjar bumban
çāv ba-nāz dar caman
yāmbarzalan tā bādaman
phazāl panun Khōdā kare

raham tā ār chā yiman
saṅgdilan tā zālīman
zāni Khōdā kaman kaman
mānzi naman phidā kare

amī andāza āy sanam
tul mā nikāb çā dam-badam
bañda paran sanam sanam
kābilā tā K'abā kyāh kare

Azādas chu lolāzar
tashnā çē thovathan agar
vuchta su ālamas andar
tāza kayāmathāh kare

—Abdul Ahad Azād

*A gazal

131

125

Friend, plead with my Love:
"May he keep his word,
forgive my offence,
come to me,
stay awhile and
talk to me!"

See how airily he comes into the garden,
his arched eyebrows dyed!
God help the poor narcissi—
fair damsels almond eyed!

Mercy and pity they have none—
these cruel and pitiless ones.
God knows how many hearts he sets on fire
with the henna flame of his finger-tips.

Lift not thy veil so wantonly
(let not thy glory be seen);
Lovers will cry, "O Love! O Love!"
forgetting both God and world.

The fever of love consumes Azād;
And if thou dost not fulfil his desire,
He will raise a hell,
regardless of all restraint.

132

126*

bāli su hay chu be-vōfā
 myon amār kyāh kare
 sorāvanis mōhabatas
 zor tā zār kyāh kare
 nār yēmis hētun manas
 vār ti chus nā vanānas
 nāḷa dinas tā veh khēnas
 vanta su ār kyāh kare
 nāz chi vāri mañz calan
 tāza gulan tā sōmbulan
 yāri vanan tā rāyilan
 poh tā hār kyāh kare
 nera bo sīna dārī dārī
 zīndapān mārī mārī
 tīr-kamān cārī cārī
 mīr shikār kyāh kare
 poshi caman chi dar khumār
 bādī sabā chu be-karār
 nēndrihatēn andar bēdar
 ākharkār kyāh kare
 Azādas chu lolātab
 bālī hurān chu roz-u-shab
 zāni Khōdā su tashnālab
 lolābēmār kyāh kare

—Abdul Ahad Azad

* A gazal,

133

126

All vain is my love:
 He is faithless,
 His ardour is abating;
 All vain is my lamentation.

My heart is on fire:
 Can love be told?
 But shall I not cry,
 Shall I not slay myself?

The new-blown rose and the hyacinth
 need tending in the garden:
 Be it the heat of *Har* or the frost of *Poh*,
 what cares the Himalayan spruce?

I'll go forth, my bosom bared,
 prepared to die:
 What care I how tensely-drawn
 is the bow of the archer of love?

The morning breeze is restless, but
 the flowers are dozing in the garden:
 All vain is love's restlessness
 where there is no response.

The fire of love burns Azād
 all day and night;
 God knows what he, athirst for love,
 may do, out of despair!

yāradāde yāç dōvum
tāpay dōdum tālyun vēsi
hāramāsai Lārā āyēs'
kōt lājis Shālyun vēsi

suli vile gari drāyēs
Tulamulice mālaye'
Lasajanay dōh mē lūsum
buthi pyom Shālyun vēsi

shā tā dah sāmāna parith
chētā kārnas vētā bāl
nāṇakay vāriv bo āyēs
gom kōt mālyun vēsi

pōñ āsith yēkh baneyēs
zambāvārāki chambā bo
yēkhakhānas kar pēyam vōñ
tāph rēṭākālyun vēsi

yī vōvum tay tī bōvum
nāṇakay dōvum dōrēn dajēn
piṅga vāvi vāvi sōṅṭa
hardas shol chā lonan vēsi

* Chronologically it belongs to an earlier time.
1. Var. harī-masay Lārī-pasay. 2. Var. Tulamula suli drayas
Kekaporaca mālaye

Far and wide I roamed for Love:
In the blazing July sun
I left the cool comfort of Lār¹,
I strayed into the Shālyun² waste.

At early dawn I left my home
drawn out by love of God.³
Not far from home⁴, my path grew dark,
Desolation⁵ stared me in the face.

Rich in youth and charms and gifts⁶
I came to my husband's home;
My ardour cooled at his neglect—
O where is gone my father's home?

I was a merry brook,
flowing frolicsome and free;
But I froze at the glacier steep—
O when will the bright sunshine
thaw my icy captivity?

Whatever I sowed, I reaped:
All fruitless was my fret and fume.
Whoever sows tares in the spring,
How can he in autumn reap the wheat?

1. A village, 16 miles to the north of Srinagar. 2. Till recently a
waste tract to the south of Srinagar. 3. Lit. Tulamula, a sacred
Hindu shrine. 4. Lit. at Lasajan, about five miles south of Srinagar.
5. Lit. Shālyun waste. 6. Lit. the usual sixteen ornaments.

aṇḍi kar dōkh kaṇḍi huṇḍuy
 zarakotah zar ta josh
 adōre maṇḍori lōdmūt
 dār arkhālyun vēsi
 dōr adōr bōzun vēdōr vōdur
 rozun chū pāzlikinī pazānas paṇḍi say
 nār prath dāras chu
 kāyur āsī-tan yā lyun vēsi
 bavaśarakis mēvazāras
 bulbulan zāh çuh na phal
 lolācav tas ālicav rōt kōr tas
 raṅg gōrdālyun vēsi
 —Lachman Bhat Nāgām

128

māṛamati tārum kaṭhinēn tāran
 prārān chasāyo bāl
 yitā ditā darshun ōsh chas hāran ..
 vupa chum āṇḍari reh kavā çhorān
 zālith çani kāritham
 kalā pēṭhā çhat kād lolāki nāran
 çhēṇa yēṇa goham tana chas gājmaç
 zūn zan darā lājmaç
 ānī saṇḍī-pāṭhī chas vatapādī sārān....
 hradāyiki Wōlārāki pamposh phōlīmāṭī
 bōmbarav vōlmūt nāl
 cānī pūzi kitī posh chas çhāran...

When will the miseries of the body end,
 and the fever and fret of life?
 This unsound mansion of the body
 is built of *arkhur*⁷ wood.
 Soft or hard—would it matter
 when the deeper truth be known?
 Fire burns all woods,
*Lyun*⁸ and *kayur* and all other kinds.
 Of this world's orchard
Bulbul tasted not the fruit:
 Disappointment turned his red cherry
 into the pale-yellow wild plum.

128

Lead me across the shoals of life, O Lord,
 I await Thy lead,
 O come! I cry, I weep.
 The fire of Thy Love is burning me,
 Its fury has lapped me in flames,
 How can it now abate?
 Away from Thee I wait and wane
 like the westering moon;
 Away from Thee I stumble and 'grobe
 in the dark like the blind.
 In the 'lake' of my heart, lotus has blossomed
 and bees are swarming;
 I am gathering the flowers of love
 to lay at Thy feet.

7. A soft, thorny tree; fig. cactus.

'kayur', blue pine, is easy to burn.

8. 'lyun' is hard to burn while
9. Lit. In the Wular of my heart. Wular is the biggest lake of Kashmir.

āraval hish chas barā zan gāmaç
garakun drāmaç kal
yāvun çöl çēph diç lōkacāran...

vānI-vānI vana-vana kunIzānI drāyas
çay patā sahasāndI-pāthI
yāndrayi hūnI hēth patā-patā lāran....

maḍano az natā ada kar lalavath
hradayuk vuphavun praṅṅ
Sēndabaṭhi vatharay kuli-shēhjāran....

--Dayārām Gōnjū

suli phōlakhā gul-i āphtābo
saganāvath dōḍake ābo lo
con raṅg kāmI gamanay kōrmuṭ zard
tami gamakuy chuy tabatābo lo
chuy sinas kami kīṇa gomut dāg
kava zardī chay harda bronṭh pemaç
barā gaçhanas chuy iztirābo lo
āphtāb votuy bar sar-i koh
darā doh lōg kari kyā Wahābo lo

—Abduṭ Wahāb Hājīn

I have turned pale as the *arni-rose*,
My youth and charms are fled—
I long to come home to Thee.

In the bewildering jungle of world's allure-
ments,
I hunt Thee alone as a lion doth his prey
with the hounds of my senses in hot pursuit.

When, O when, shall I rock Thee
in the winged cradle of my heart?
When, O when shall I receive Thee
face to face, at the cool tryst of love¹?

Thou hast blossomed early,
O Sunflower.
I will water thee with milk:
I will tend thee lovingly.
What sorrow has turned thee pale?
Dost thou too bear an anguished heart?
Dost thou too bear envy's dark stain?
Why hast thou turned pale
before autumn's inevitable decay?
Why dost thou "haste away so soon"?
The sun is about to set
behind the mountains of the west, and
The poet is growing anxious
for his journey on the morrow.

1. Lit. At a cool shady spot in the Sind Valley.

140

130*

bāzI kārtham bāzIgāro
lōkacāro lo lo
be-vasā be-yetibāro...
thōvtham nā yēkhtiyāro
hāvItham sōnakoh
vuchI mē tim az saṅgakhāro...
navi vuchmakh nav bahāro
hyaç mē poshan bo
gul chi vūnI-kēn kändI ta khāro...
ādī osukh RāmbI-āro
yīṛavālān koh
chiy vōthān vūnI-kēn gubāro....
āy Wahāb be-yetibāro
chuk çā mārān çoh
kharci rāh kar keñh tayāro...

—Abdul Wahāb Hājīn

131

vōnum āran bā chus lāran
yi yāvun chum dōhan tārān
diluk taskīn chus çhāran...
mē āgur trov chus dorān
mē soz-o sāz chā morān
chu sāz-e zīndagī āran....

Chronologically, it belongs to an earlier time.

141

130

O youth, thou hast deceived me:
Thou art a deceiver, and
"in faith never fast."
When I was young, thou didst make
mountains glitter like gold:
Now I am old, and
they are just rock and stone.
When I was young, thou didst make
flowers bloom in the springtime:
Now I am old, and
they are just thorn and weed.
Only the other day,
it was a mighty hill-torrent,
driving along boulders in its fury:
Soon the flood is past, and
its dry bed raises a cloud of dust.
O poet, thy life won't last,
Thy pleasures won't endure,
Think of thy long journey ahead.

131

The hill-stream goes a singing:
"I come dashing along
To find my haven of peace,
(While I am young and strong.)
For youth will not endure.
"I gush forth from my source,
My flow doth not abate.
I feel a zest for life,
Life ever doth urge me on.

mē chā prārun mē chum çhārun
kanēn pēth khūn-i dil hārun
sukūn nāyāb hushyāran....

mē khāmī cham javānī cham
karān ham ham bā chus bam bam
guhar paidā chu damdāran....

māhitas sātī gaçh vāsīl
diluk taskīn banī hāsīl
dil-ē ārif guhar hāran....

—Ghulām Hasan Beg

132

thari posh ōn kati, kândī āsī mā vati
yora vōnmas ora asān chum
tul khama hardakizora poshan,
khēyi dilan tas grāy
vōd ālaman ati...

khōt pān poshan, byol phālis çāv,
hēcān vath
zulmāt mañz vati....

lāb zindagī poshan,
mashith gav byol dar zulmāt
shāh athachānī ati....

"I splash along my way,
I strike the rocks, I bleed,
I do not rest, I strive;
Vigilance knows no rest.

"I am yet young and wild,
I fret and fume and roar;
It is the silent deep
That bears the priceless pearl.

"In the ocean vast,
One finds one's haven of peace."
This is what Arif¹ says,
These are his precious gems.

132

I said to the flower:
"Where dost thou come from?
How dost thou crown the spray?
And what thorns come in thy way?"
The flower smiled and said nothing.

I said: "In autumn cold cruel winds blow
and scatter thy leaf;
Thou dost strike the tent on thy unknown
march with pangs of separation in thy heart;
The whole world shares thy grief.

"Then thou dost hide thyself
in a grain of seed, lying underground.
Soon the sprout shoots forth,
While the seed lies in the dark beneath,
lying where kings are soon forgot.

1. The Poet's pen-name

hamsāyi poshas çāy tay kândī,
zar ta jigaruk dāg
bāsIti yihay ati....

os gōñci, sapun posh,
banyov mēva, kārīn viḥ,
prath raṅga çay ati,
yorā vōnmas orā asān chum

—Ghulām Hasan Beg

neri vēsiye lāla mā dūre
tambālovnam hūre pān

māji zāyas khaṇḍa kōstūri
āmi dōday dyuṭnam sag
yihōy pān gom rāh musāfire....

masvali bāgas doṭh pyom phulaye
çenū pāno bram samsār
lañji hōchi tay mēva kyuth nere....

drāyi kukilā hāli mādānas
sō chē karān Gū-vēnda Gū',
sō ti lājmaç vālavāshi hure...

"But thou dost bloom and bringest light and joy
among Shade and Thorn and Heartache—
It's among them that thou must live.

"Thou wert a bud a moment ago,
Thou art a flower now,
And, a moment hence, thou wilt blossom
out into fruit—
How many forms thou dost change,
And yet behind all forms thou art the same!"
The flower smiled and said nothing.

He has enticed a *houri's* heart—
Come friend, let us run after him
Lest he should fly away.

A mother's darling I was born,
fed on milk and sweats:
Now I am plodding on my dreary way,
unfriended and alone.

A hailstorm blighted my garden bloom,
It withered the blossom and fruit-tree
boughs—
Illusive have been my hopes and joys—
Can my withered boughs yield any fruit?

(I was) a *kukil* (who) flew forth in the fields,
free and sweetly cooing,
And lo! was entangled in a snare.

yārī loynam zāviji mūre
pūci cōtnam pāī anzul
gachā mālyun su ti chum dūre....

yānī khāças yāvaṇani gure
tānī zazarīy vōlnam nāl
balāy zazaris tā zazarini tāre...

134

yim zār vanahas bardār
karsanā su yār boze
yā tuli khanjar tā māre
na tā sāni shabā roze

mas dyutnam kalāvālan
chivarāvnaś akiy pyālan
chum dūri rūzith zālan
karsanā davā soze

kyā mati gōy myon kīnay
ātashī bōrtham sinay
āshakh kamisanaḥ dinay
mārun ravā roze

I am (helpless and disgraced like) a woman
Who is whipped with a stinging switch,
Whose headgear¹ is torn by her lord and love,
And who would in her parents' home
protection seek,
But it is far away and she can't go,
I was in the flower of my age
When decay entwined me with its withered
stem—
A curse upon premature decay and the cold
shivers it gives!

134*

At his threshold my wailings I would utter,
O when will my Love listen to me?—
I would that he did slay me,
Or else requite my love.

The Brewer of love gave me a cup of wine,
A single cup made me delirious and drunken,
I could not contain myself for joy;
But now he keeps off and causes me pain—
O when will he give me another draught
of the wine of love?

Love, why art thou angry with me?
Thou hast filled my breast with the smart
of love.

Is it fair to let me suffer and die²?

1. Lit. Silk fringe of a part of headgear.

2. Lit. What religion allows the slaying of the lover?

*Chronologically it belongs to an earlier time.

bihiṭh khalvath khānas
 mushtākh pānay pānas
 āshakh maṇz vārānas
 māshokh tanhā roze

bulbul bihiṭh bā gul
 mushtākh az gul bilkul
 nay rozi bulbul tā nay gul
 akh lolā kathāh roze

kyā mati kāritham sītām
 Nāzim chu prārān yitām
 chus tashnā darshun dītām
 yīn dam nā pagāh roze

—Abdul Ahad Nāzim

masvalan kiç dūr hēth
 drāmut bā chus bāzāriye
 keñh vōzāl keñh nill
 keñh gōlāb keñh anāriye
 shūbarāviv dūrākan
 husnas tā lolas çoh diyiv
 jal yiyiv keñchāh niyiv
 keñchāh diyiv sodāh hēyiv

Alone, in a lonely tower,
 The beloved sits, unconcerned for love;
 While the lover roams desolate plains,
 Will the beloved keep aloof from him?

The *bulbul* nestles close to the rose,
 Doting on it and deep in love;
 Soon the *bulbul* and the roses die,
 Only a memory of love remains.

How cruel thou hast been to me!
 Athirst for love, I am waiting for thee,
 O come and show thyself—
 This hour won't last,
 Tomorrow brings another day.

I have ear-rings to sell,
 Some red, some blue, some pink;
 Let Love and Beauty meet
 To make the most of life,
 Come buy, come buy, come buy.

*Love's Pedlar.

shūbavānī zāvillī tā āvillī
 mastā āndarī zotavānī
 tāhandī lolay ānimātl chim-
 asnakēn dyāran kanānī
 jal yiyiv zan bagā-babarēn
 nāga-didaray hish pēyiv
 jal yiyiv keñchāh niyiv
 keñchāh diyiv sodāh hēyiv

lolake dūkānā ānim
 husnā-bāzāras kanakh
 shokh yas yas āsi hēn
 jal jal mōkalāvith chānakh
 bālāpānas lolakī sogāth
 shūbān chiv niyiv
 jal yiyiv keñchāh niyiv
 keñchāh diyiv sodāh hēyiv

kyāh vanav tāsir kyuth
 dyutmut chu dūran kōdratan
 dōn bēzānēn dil nivan
 aki grāyi tambālāvan chu man
 dūr hēy-ve raṅga raṅgay
 dūr hay chiv dūr chiv
 jal yiyiv keñchāh niyiv
 keñchāh diyiv sodāh hēyiv

I have ear-rings to sell,
 Precious and pretty and fine;
 Beneath the flowing hair
 They shine as jewels do shine;
 They cost a winsome smile.
Come buy, come buy, come buy.

When amorous springtime comes
 Round basil *didar* larks flock:
 In their prime of youth
 Let maidens flock to buy
 These lovely ear-rings.
Come buy, come buy, come buy.

They are Love's offerings,
 They are for lovely maids,
 They have a mighty charm,
 They lure the lovers' hearts.
 Ear-rings, my ear-rings!
Come buy, come buy, come buy

moka chu azkal zarā nāzI-dīkh
 yithI dūray hēnuk
 harud vātith shokh rozyā
 bulbulan choh maranuk
 lol zāliv roshi roshe
 kath kariv nābad khēyiv
 jal yiyiv kenčhāh niyiv
 kenčhāh diyiv sodāh hēyiv

—Nand Lal Ambardar

sumran panāni dičānam
 premuk nishānā vēsiye
 račhrun tōgum nā rovim
 osum nā bānā vēsiye
 vālinji mañz thavun gōch
 hāvun thōvum athas pēth
 rāh kas chu, kōr mē pānas
 nōkhsān pānā vēsiye
 hāvun chu rāvarāvun
 cāvuk samar chē khāmi
 thāvan zi chāvā bāpath
 bānan chi thānā vēsiye
 yanā suy nishānā rovim
 tanā maç gāmaç tā phalvā
 nyun hyōn nā kenh ti, phetān
 chas vānā vānā vēsiye
 vēsrun panun vanas kyā
 buth mā samēm dōhas thī
 kunī zānī timan vatan mañz
 gachā kōt shabānā vēsiye

Make haste to buy ear-rings,
 This is the time to buy:
 This is the time to love;
 Soon autumn will set in
 When flowers fade away
 And love is soon forgot.
Come buy, come buy, come buy.

Friend, He gave me a love-token
 in memory of our plighted troth.
 I did not keep 'it safe,
 I did not prove worthy of it.
 I should have lodged it in my heart,
 But I kept it open to vulgar gaze,
 And brought about the loss myself—
 who is to blame for my loss?
 Showing is losing, friend,
 Impatience leads to imperfection:
 The kettle must be lidded tight
 to cook the rice on the boil.
 Ever since I lost the love-token
 I've been distraught and wild:
 I cannot find the like of it
 though I go about from shop to shop.
 How can I explain my remissness,
 My slips and falls and going astray?
 How can I face Him in the day?
 And yet I cannot go to Him, alone,
 in the dark danger-infested night.

yaçh paçh ma hār byākhā
 hēth yūrl vāti kānchā
 tas chā kāmī nishānan
 bārī bārī khazāṇa vēsiye
 dōlan kohan vanan mañz
 sholan chi gulshanan mañz
 zotan chi tarākan mañz
 kātyāh nishāṇa vēsiye
 vēsrith dālith pathar pēth
 buth kyā dimav tāmīs nish
 pōt pheraṇakī pakan chā
 yithī hī bahāṇa vēsiye
 mānav zi āsī hēmav pōt
 choryā tasuṇd muhabath
 paivaṇd yi āḍanuk chā
 shurī dosātāṇa vēsiye
 dil phuṭī-maṭēn chu toshan
 yāç gārī-maṭēn chu roshan
 gaçh vārī-maṭēn Sōdāman
 praçh gāyibāṇa vēsiye
 āndī-pākhi tāti chu āsan
 bōḍābror Sūrāḍāsan
 bozan chu māy lāgith
 lolākī tarāṇa vēsiye

—Zinda Kaul

137*

yārasānde dādi dōdmūt dil
 bahāras kyā kare

*A Garal.

Friend, dō not lose faith,
 He will send thee another token;
 His treasures are full,
 Has He any dearth of love-tokens?
 In the forests thick, on mountains high,
 In the flush and bloom of gardens gay,
 In the scintillation of the stars—
 Thou canst find thy love-tokens.
 Thou sayest: "How can I face Him
 after many slips and falls?"
 But these pretexts will not avail
 to turn away from Him;
 For we may turn away from Him,
 but will He let us go?
 And is our eternal troth a child's friendship,
 soon made and soon forgot?
 Never fear, He is kind to the meek in spirit,
 He does not favour the proud of heart!
 Thus hath it been with Sudāma of old,
 Who, meek in spirit, won His love;
 Thus is it with him who, like Sūrdāsa,
 Mid world's dark distractions turns to Him,
 And sings His songs of love;
 Whilst He, unknown and unseen,
 Quietly listens, sitting by.

137

The flowering spring comes mockingly to her
 Whose heart is dead for want of Love's caress.

1. Lit. The sophisticated.

vāv yōdvay soñt-kāluk āsi
 nāras kyā kare
 kāñsi prārān dāri pēth yus
 vāñsi trāve dāri ōsh
 ābāshāruk tas havas kyā
 Shālamāras kyā kare
 kāñsi palāzun kāñsi hund zavar bahun
 yas yōch nā lāñi
 sōñ banāvāñ sāñgipāras
 tas bicāras kyā kare
 hoshi dājmaç joshi vāçhmaç
 poshi gāhnan toshi kyā
 roshi yas çol osh trāvith
 goshivāras kyā kare
 Kalidāsas tālikāñi path kālī
 vōnmūt gāṭalēv
 tali'an yus loç zālas
 gāṭajāras kyā kare
 lolāmas zālēm tē gālēm
 yas buḍith mālūm gav
 bimā nashike trāvihe mas
 con, khumāras kyā kare
 rañg hāvith bram divāñ os
 kahvacan khōṭ myon sōñ
 āmī kōḍus āndryum khōcar nōñ
 lolā nāras kyā kare

The spring breeze blows soft and cool,
 But it fans the flame of a heart that is on fire.
 She who waits in vain for her Love's return
 And, pining, drowns her eyes in tears,
 What desire hath she to see the garden bloom,
 What desire to watch the fountains play?
 Philosophers' stone turns all metals into gold;
 But what availeth it to her
 Whom Fate has not destined to be her lord's
 ornament,
 Whom Fate has destined to pass lonely days and
 nights?
 What need hath she of ornament?¹
 Whom Death has parted from her lord and love,
 Whose ardour is cooled and youth faded away?
 We have heard it said of old:
 Kalidāsa had to suffer ignominy untold—
 All vain is genius to him
 Whom fate and misery hold in thrall,
 Now that I am old, I realize love's wine lights
 up a flame of all-consuming fire;
 Fain would I give it up,
 But can I suppress the craving for it?
 In the crucible of love dross melted away from
 gold, and I was exposed;
 The artificial gilt of my base metal can no
 longer deceive the touchstone.

1. Lit. Shalimar garden. 2. Lit. Dīlharoo, worn by all Kashmiri
 Panditanis in token of nuptial bond.

dāli nimahas bālayāras
 or tā shōd pāthēm nā dil
 chēnI-mātis yath dāgdāras
 nābakāras kyā kare
 brōṇṭhā chuy yāc krūṭh mānzil
 gāphilo bas kar mā zeth
 yas mātis māgas jigar shāhlēv nā
 hāras kyā kare—

—Zinda Kaul

kōrum yi tāṭhI, kyā vanas
 thōvun nā bāki māṛanas
 sō rum chē maṇā-āyinas
 yi kōr nā kānsi dushmanas

sōrum su lālarōkh manas
 jalāy lōg kazal vanas
 phōrum su nār khārmanas
 lōgus nā keṇh ti zēṭhanas
 dilas hyōtun, jigar tatēv,
 shor vōth zi nār hā

—Zinda Kaul

I would offer my heart to Love,
 But it is not pure nor whole;
 With its rents and stains of shame
 What use can it be to him?
 O Heedless One, stay,
 Thy journey is arduous and long;
 The fire of thy heart was not quenched by the
 frosty winds of Magh,
 How canst thou bear the blazing heat of Har?

Words fail me: how can I tell
 What my Love has done to me?
 It's he has brought me down,
 It's he has slain my heart.
 And caused me the agony of death,
 It's he has broken the mirror of my heart—
 Could any foe do me worse?
 When the flaming image of my Love
 filled my heart.
 It lighted up a big blazing fire in the dark
 forest of my breast;
 The fire spread far and wide within, fanned
 vigorously and quick,
 And burnt all that was there, fondly
 treasured by me.
 The heart took fire,
 Its fiery tongues caught up the liver!
 And all who saw did cry:
 "Fire, ho! fire!"

vadihe manush, cāyihe nā ōsh,
 vadaṇas' vuchun tāsir kyā?
 hārith āchivkinī khūn kyā?
 chāvith palan sātī hir kya?
 būzith zi bozān chum nā kānh
 phārī-yād karnac zir kyā?
 lāyith nabas yim tīr kyā?
 majbūriyā! lācāriyā!

mōr ānā ānay chus maran
 bōchi tārī treshe povmut
 dādēv khurēv bācav shurēv
 phikirav gamav hōbrovmut
 yim gam cālith hātī hāvaṣan
 mācrovmut vēsarovmut
 kunipēth khēvān thak chus nā man
 kath-tanī-kun chus hovmut
 rut deshānay rut zāṇanay
 chārān chu kyā-tām rovmut
 mas nāndri maṇz chukh covmut
 naphsanī tā shokaç—khāriyā!

Man's Lament 139
 (Zinda Kaul)

Man would weep,
 He would not gulp down his tears;
 But what availed it him to shed his tears?
 What availed it him to drop blood from his
 eyes?
 What availed it him to beat his head against
 a rock?
 Knowing that none heeds him,
 What drives him on still to sue for help?
 What drives him on to shoot his darts at the
 void?
What compulsion! what helplessness!

Man—momently dying:
 By hunger, cold and thirst oppressed,
 By disease distressed, by worry harrassed,
 By fear and want and woe subdued.
 These sorrows o'er, by a hundred desires
 beguiled,
 His unsteady mind, not finding rest in anything
 here,
 Still craves for a Something, though unknown,
 The Good not seen by him, nor known by him,
 He yet would find as something lost, which he
 possessed before—
 Like one who wakes with a memory dim
 Of the taste of wine he had in a dream.
What misery—between want and desire!

kartām kāmī-tāmat bōnā
 pōtchāyi dūre dyūthmut
 sānēy kanav suy būzmut
 sānis dilas suy byūthmut
 tāml-sund chu vōnī durēr zārith
 suy zonmut chus rūthmut
 goshaṇ gupith zan byūthmut
 lolas chē bālī bemāriyā!

yāmī dūri rūzith cūri zan
 phambāh lādith thōvmut kanan
 zānh chā prāchan ahvāl son
 zānh chā sōran, zānh chā vanan,
 "yim kālagaṭi mē trāvmāṭi
 lāgith chamban chāran vanan
 ammā timan gayi kyā vanan?"
 husnas nā kenḥ gamkhāriyā!

dapaḥāv manas. "yēs raç nā sreh
 tāml-saṇz diyī phal vīr kyā?
 vyōd mā ti chuy mā pay-patā
 labanuk karakh tadbīr kyā?"
 man chus na mānan pōt açun
 (vāvas karav zānjir-kyā?
 tas tē vuchav takhsīr kyā?
 chā lol yāraphtāriyā?

Someone (they say) descried from afar
 The sheen of His halo, in another time.
 This our ears have heard,
 This our hearts have believed;
 And we pine for Him
 As for our Love offended and displeased,
 Who has fled and hid himself in solitude.
*Lovesickness for no reason,
 Lovesickness nought availeth.*

Keeping aloof, in concealment far away,
 To all entreaties deaf,
 His ears (as if) stuffed up with cotton wool
 Does He ever enquire for us?
 Does He ever think of us, ever ask:
 "Whom I have cast, mid darkness black,
 On precipices steep, in forests thick—
 What has befallen them?"
Beauty's wanton indifference.

Man pleaded with his heart:
 "He has no love.
 Why sue to Him?
 Will a willow tree yield thee a pear?
 Knowest thou the path that leads to Him?
 What means of approach canst thou find?"
 But his mind—would it listen?
 Would it turn back?
 (And who can chain the wind?)
 And how is mind to blame?
Is love an idle fancy?

pananuy kanan mañz chusa sadā?
 chus nāpha pānas nish khāṭith
 lārān chē ammā rūṣī-kāṭ
 parbat tā van trāvith ṇāṭith
 lārān tithay-pāṭhin chu dil
 athākhōr trāvith āchī vāṭith
 mushkhā yivān chas yārasānz
 lāmī lāmī kaḍān chas sōy rāṭith
 sūrith ākis vāstas. andar
 bēyi mānza chas nerān phāṭith
 shamāhan yāmis hov dūri pān
 pāmpur bihā dāman vāṭith?
 tas pata yi māṭī māṭī neri nā
 sath akālihāndī jamah ṇāṭith?
 (yōdvay āchiv nish chus khāṭith)
 chā husn jodūgāriyā?

hārāniyā! lācāriyā!
 naphsānī tā shokac khāriyā!
 lolas chē bālī bemāriyā!
 husnas nā keñh gamkhāriyā!
 chā lol yāraphtāriyā?
 chā husn jodūgāriyā?

—Zinda Kaul

Is the sound in his ears the echo of his Self?
 The musk-deer chases the musk,
 Within him lodged but hidden from his sight,
 Running as only a deer can run
 Across the hills and wilds.
 So recklessly and fast
 Runs the heart of man,
 Which scents out his Love.
 It will not let him rest,
 It still must lead him on
 To see Beauty blooming here,
 And Beauty blooming everywhere,
 Inexhaustible and rare!
 When the candle shows its flame,
 Can a moth lie still, unconcerned?
 Rending Reason's garments seven!
 Will man not follow up the scent?
 (What matters if the Musk be hidden from his
 sight?)

Is Beauty a 'vain illusive show'?

What bewilderment!

What resistless urge!

What misery—between want and desire!

Lovesickness for no reason;

Lovesickness nought availeth;

Beauty's wanton indifference.

Is love an idle fancy?

Is beauty a 'vain illusive show'?

1. Five Indriyas, manas, and buddhi.

• A selected fragment,

I long to go
Where all have a living faith in God—
One, Loving Father, Lord of all—
Where ghosts, genii and spirits dark
hold no sway over men's minds;
Where love, service and charity
is the simple and supreme rule of life;
Where lands are vast and all have room to live;
Where food and fruit and milk abundant
And all the good things of life, are shared by all;
Where all have enough to eat, and none too
much;
Where none covet and steal their neighbours'
goods,
None beg, none dispute, none envy;
Where all have work to do and none are idle,
And those who work have time
for play and study, song and fun;
Where all are happy, and children do not cry;
Where women are respected as goddesses divine;
Where daughters are loved as dearly as the sons;
Where none ^{daughter is a} ~~is a~~ widow;
Where disease and ugliness and evil ways of life
do not stunt and warp the growth of men;
Where wars are unknown, and the skies serene,
do not rain down poison gas and savage death;
Where dwellings are clean and gardens lovely;
Where none suffer from want and fear:—
To that City Beautiful, ^{where there are no} ~~where there are no~~ ^{cries of pity}
Ferryman, lead me and my countrymen!

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